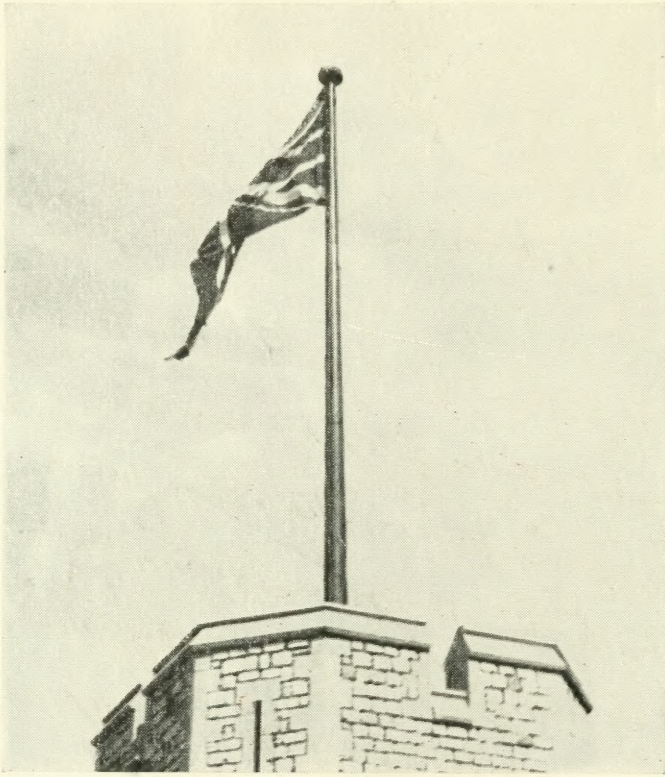


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Saint Andrew's College Review



Mid-Summer
1943



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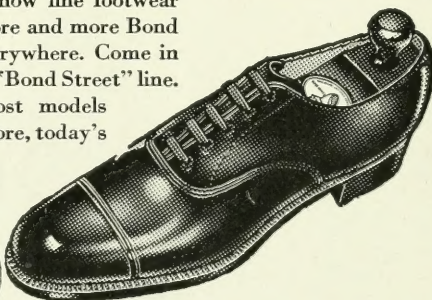
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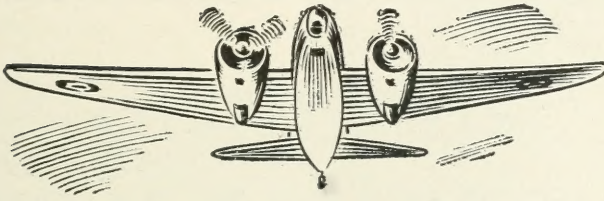
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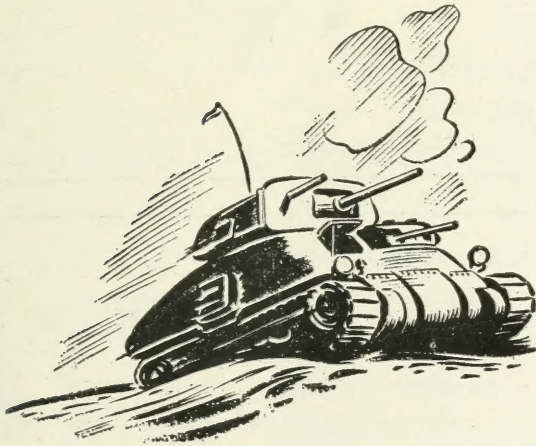


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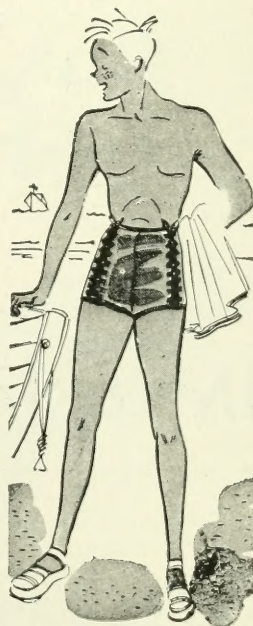
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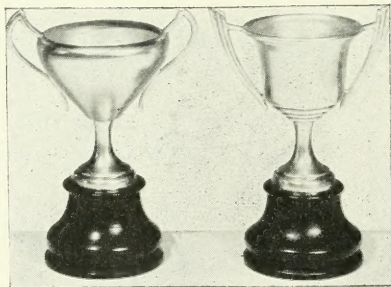
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The St. Andrew's College Review



Mid-summer, 1943

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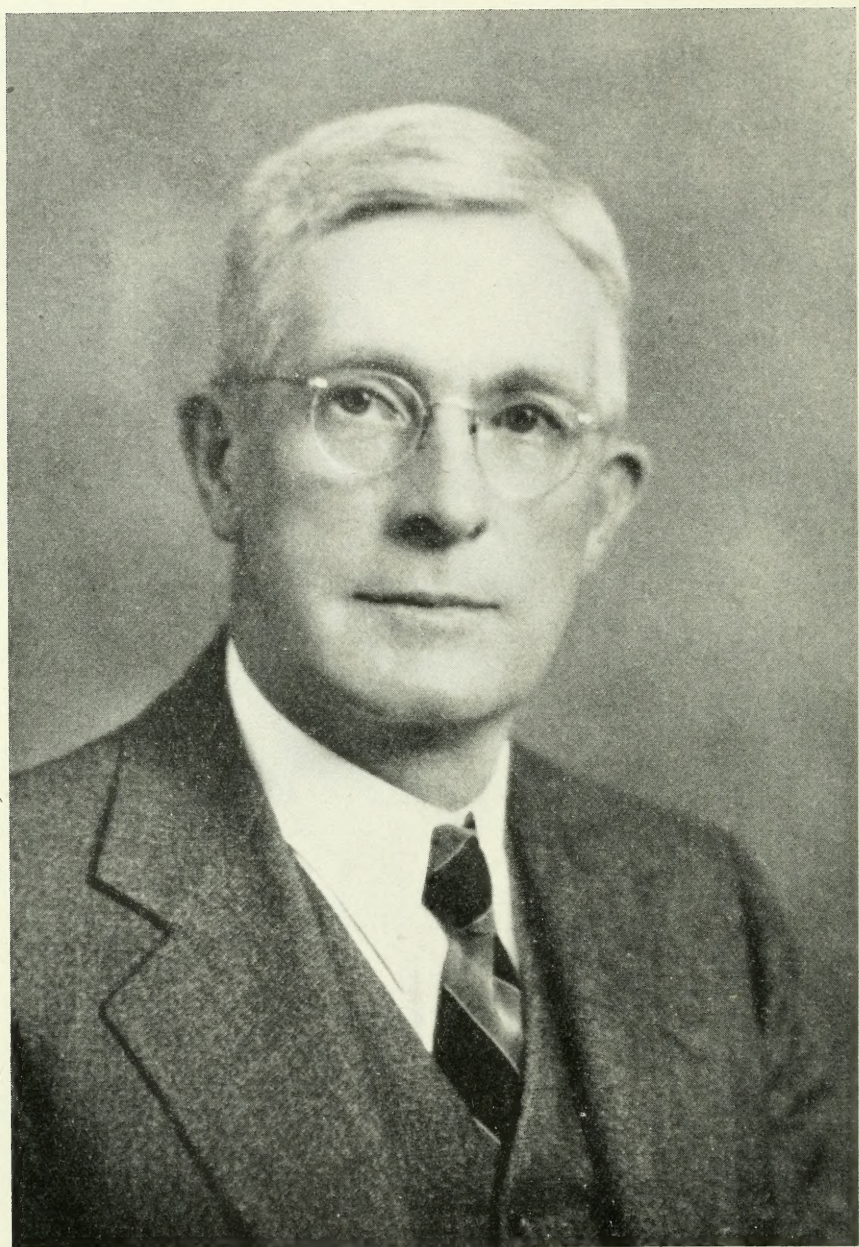
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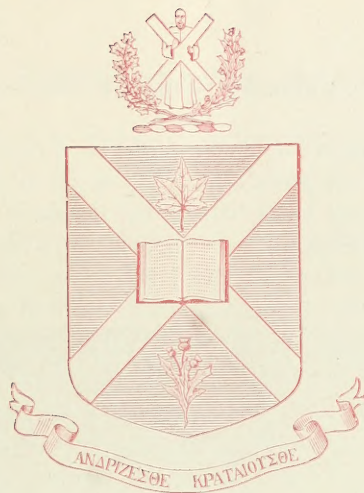
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MR. E. M. FLEMING



EDITORIAL

It has long been the custom of the Editor in writing the summer editorial, to review the activities of the school year; to elaborate upon their accomplishments and to obscure their demerits. This I shall not do for this reason: what St. Andrew's has just completed is of far less importance than what she has just begun.

Perhaps it may sound odd to mention that St. Andrew's has reserved the most important activities of the year until the final few weeks. Yet this is so; for an entire new phase of school life has developed over the period of one exceedingly short term; into the school has been injected a new spirit that traces its origin to the growth and development of more extensive, more comprehensive cadet training. Indeed, to such proportions has this expanded, that here among the buildings of the school, the khaki is far more to be seen than the tweed, and a far closer harmony and contact exists in the student body.

This new system was introduced with vague misgivings, perhaps, and the spirit in which the school has accepted it, and the success she has made of it, reflects the greatest credit upon herself. St. Andrew's may hold high her head and be proud that she has taken such a rapid step ahead in preparing her young men for the call of their country, and proud that, having heard from across the waves the clarions of war, she has turned from her games and picked up the rifle. The school, however, does not pride herself on her efforts, but rather on her readiness; a readiness, one may say, achieved only at the cost of many long hours formerly devoted to athletics and leisure. Yet the value received has atoned for the cost, for St. Andrew's this year has turned out students not only with education, but with confidence and responsibility, worthy of the reliance their country places upon them.

A deep note of sorrow has been struck in the school this year. Mr. Fleming, one of the "old guard" most endeared to us all, is retiring. I doubt if there will be one of us today who, taught by Mr. Fleming in the past, will not think of him the very moment they think of St. Andrew's. And rightly so, for we recall that the school owes Mr. Fleming a great deal more than we can here express; owes him, in fact, and one or two others, her very foundation and maintenance in times of trial. He has long been one of the most faithful and respected members of the staff; he has always been ready to devote unselfishly all his energies and powers to the school. During the last war, Mr. Fleming took upon himself the burden of all upper and middle school mathematics, an assignment as taxing as it is arduous, and throughout the remainder of that period he alone sustained the mathematics department in the school, having not a single spare period during the week.

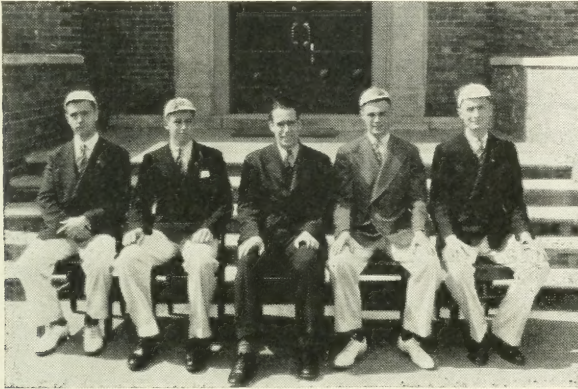
Throughout the forty-odd years he has been with St. Andrew's, Mr. Fleming has maintained a record of teaching that is almost flawless, having achieved results in his department that reflect the greatest credit upon himself and upon the school. Mr. Fleming has always been well-liked by students of all classes, and he has always taken an active interest in school life. There is not an Old Boy who cannot vouch for Mr. Fleming's teaching abilities, or his unselfish devotion to the school. That St. Andrew's will miss him, need not be said, for we feel he has become an essential part of the school itself, but we wish Mr. Fleming every possible happiness in the future and every possible praise for his glowing and unblemished record of the past.

St. Andrew's must this year lose yet another long-standing friend in the person of Miss D. W. Brookes. Every Old Boy of the school will remember Miss Brookes as a warm and personal friend who seemed always to change little with time and make new friends each succeeding year of all new boys who came to the school. She has a gift of sincere friendliness and informality that, each of us must recall, rendered the headmaster's office infinitely less formidable!

Certainly St. Andrew's has had no more faithful servant than Miss Brookes and it is with genuine sorrow we see her leave our circle. It was fitting that at their most recent meeting, the Ladies Guild of the School elected her a life-member.

Congratulations and the best of happiness to you from the school, Miss Brookes!

We announce with great pleasure that Dr. Robinson has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada as a recognition of his historical research in Canadian History. Dr. Robinson has worked for many years on this subject and we are very fortunate to have such an eminent man as a member of our staff.



HEADS OF HOUSES

D. G. Cameron, W. M. E. Clarkson, J. C. Garrett, Esq., W. A. McKenzie,
E. H. Crawford.

This war is no respecter of persons, and St. Andrew's College is no exception to its influence in that respect. It is now, on account of transportation and other war-time problems, impossible to continue inter-school activities on a large scale. Therefore, it was decided at the beginning of the Winter Term to organize the whole school into four houses, for the purpose of intramural athletics and activities. Every boy in the school is included in one or another of the houses, and every boy is able to score points for his respective house, in athletics, Cadet Corps activities, or school work. Each house has for a captain this year one of the prefects, but in future this office shall be filled by a member elected by his own house. Since St. Andrew's is, in origin, Scotch, it was deemed fitting to name the houses after four well-known highland clans, and thus the four houses are Bruce, Montrose, Douglas, and Wallace, and are captained by Crawford, MacKenzie I, Clarkson, and Cameron I respectively. With the Cadet Corps filling such a large place in the curriculum, the houses have hardly had a chance to show their worth; however, a number of hockey games and baseball games have been played, and these, coupled with all the other school activities, have piled up the points for the respective houses. At the time of going to press, Montrose was leading with 392 points; Douglas house a distant second with 328 points; Bruce house close behind with 325 points; and Wallace with a score of 309 points.

And So To Dust

Earth cracks with the strain of turmoil,
As man to man opponents toil
In the fight with death
Whose fiery bated breath
Breathes over all mankind;
Leaves hearts, leaves loves behind,
To follow that uncertain path
Emerging from earth's bloody bath;
Steep, tortuous, and narrow as can be,
Off one side—inky blackness, the other a turbulent sea.
I climb on, on, faint, sick at heart
Faith! loth am I from this land to depart.
Flesh weakens, as hearts grow strong,
In lieu of gloom I catch a song
Of joy, at entering what is more
Than life; that tale weary lore.
“And so we come to the parting of the ways
Where time no longer fades in days
But is an everlasting hour—eternity.
From dust we turn to dust again.”
What sunshine? what dew? what rain?
We do not know, we cannot tell
Whether it leads to heaven or to hell.
And yet we are not as man
Who, braving all that mortals can
Is doomed
To everlasting gloom.
Strong, strong, are we
As the surging of a mighty sea.
We vision in the archics of our half-forgotten minds
Those dear ones whom we have left behind.
The ones we love, cherish, and honour;
A million petty incidents recur
To us. A million hidden joys,
Curly headed girls and boys,
Their world to make, their task to do,
To carry on, to see it through.
We failed—tried hard but failed.

A generation passed—a nation wailed,
 Which cry was taken up by everyone
 Each human being 'neath the blazing sun.
 A century gone by, another hundred years have past,
 Have we a perfect, finished state at last?
 Pray God we had—we've not.
 We've patched, stitched and darned—but not.
 Men, oh yes a few, but just a few
 Real people, fighting for peace, who
 Gave their all that we might rest in peace,
 That we may work in placidness,
 Knowing well that only happiness,
 Fellow love, and friendship
 Can make the time merrily skip.
 —It is true we leave a job half-done behind
 To take up another of a different kind.
 Perhaps this generation will prevail;
 Every spirit prays they may not fail.
 —I would to own the world and space,
 To look on every human face,
 And find on each a merry twinkle,
 On each human brow an honest wrinkle,
 Got from progressive soil,
 Or other enterprise.
 I would the skies
 Were always blue and cloudless;
 To hear that rhapsody so careless,
 That universal hum of happiness—
 Our life is through,
 It's up to you
 Now—the world awaits,
 Opens wide its blood bespattered gates
 For another, aye, another contest,
 A battle greater than the rest
 To banish wrong, to honour right.
 Begin with every vision bright,
 With youths undaunted, fervent strive,
 To bring freedom, then keep it alive.
 More I may not say
 As I leave here twixt the darkness and the day.
 A hand with wizened fingers beckons

As I stumble on into uncertainty—In some seconds
I shall be gone—
Keep gay the song,
Sing loud! sing on and on,
To bring to this, your world, mine, a brighter dawn.

J. W. KENNEDY, Form V.

The Queen Street Barber Shop

THE Barber's shop on Queen Street was not an attractive one. I had no sooner entered it than my immediate desire was to leave as hastily as I had come in. Yet it was hard to withdraw purely on the basis of an indefinite reason and I compelled myself to wait for the completion of my purpose.

As I clambered into the chair a pair of hairy arms encircled my neck and tied about it rather tightly a dirty, white, cloth. A mild panic seized me when I saw the reflection of my "man" in the mirror. Heavy pouches which seemed to be full of ink hung below his watery eyes; his cheeks were a powdery white colour except in an isolated spot above his lip where an ugly brown mole drooped into his mouth.

He twisted his face into a leer, no doubt intending to smile—at which process I noticed his mole disappear between his curled lips—and asked if I would "have it short".

I then noticed a red card tucked between the mirror and the frame. It stated with heartening conviction that—and here a few scrawled lines indicated the name of the individual behind me—was now absolutely free from disease! Far from being relieved at such frank enlightenment my mind instantly began to form vague and terrifying conjectures about the nature and consequences of the disease.

The contents of the shop now seemed to bear a dark and ominous significance. Even the sight of my own hair which lay on the unswept floor along with the dust and other hair filled me with nausea. The unpolished brass cuspidor overflowing with matches, "fag ends", and spittle seemed to be the home of all the crawling insects and drowsy flies in the shop.

I walked away without consolation from my unpleasant experience; on the other side of the street the Casino, a fitting theatre for such a sordid neighbourhood, displayed its loud and suggestive posters; the City Hall clock was chiming. . . .

A. I. MACRAE, Form Lower VI.

Pine Haven

I

THE hot, sultry, fly-infested days of August were swiftly drawing to a close, and as the new rising of the sun is imminent after night, so were the cooler less oppressive days of September close at hand. June and July of 1936 were hot, dry months; August was no better, it left one wondering what had become of that storm that always seemed on the verge of striking. Hot, humid days, they were, that completely sapped one's energy.

We at "Pine-Haven" were completely and gloriously idle, doing nothing and taking advantage of what little breeze there was.

It was on just such an afternoon, when all is deathly still and the only audible sound is the cicada loudly proclaiming its existence, that Dick and Tom paddled their canoe up to our landing. Too lazy to move we sat where we were and hoped that our breach of etiquette would be forgiven. When they had made their way up to us, looking very cool in white flannels and shirts open at the neck, they announced, very solemnly and finally, that we were both going to the Yacht Club Dance the following night, I with Dick and Joan with Tom. Having suspected such a plan to transpire we, nevertheless, managed to look pleasantly surprised and extremely pleased.

"O.K. then it's settled," said Tom.

"Yes, except for one thing."

"Well?"

"Dad's coming for the week-end and it would be rather dismal landing in at an empty house . . ."

"Why couldn't he meet us at the Club, he won't get here 'till after midnight anyway."

"Well, if its all right with you. . . ."

"Sure."

"Certainly."

II

As the late afternoon dwindles into early evening a lone figure strides along a less-frequented by-way of one of the northern countries. He is a tall, gaunt man with slightly stooped shoulders. He is clean-shaven and has a sallow complexion which is emphasized by a shock of jet-black hair falling over his right eyebrow. He looks extremely tired and hot, but there is grim determination in his set jaw and his eyes stare ahead with a strange intensity.

As the man walks on, a truck comes down the road and the driver, seeing him, offers him a lift.

"I can only take you as far as the Yacht Club, if that's any help."

"Thanks, I'm only going half the distance."

As the driver starts again, he turns and looks at his passenger. "Say, you look pretty well fagged. Come far?"

"Quite a distance; where are you taking all the evergreens?"

"Oh, they're the decorations for the Yacht Club Dance. It's to-night."

"To-night, eh. Everybody goes I suppose?"

"Sure thing, its THE event of the summer."

"Breaks up around 2.30?"

"Yes, about then."

The passenger lapses into silence, but after a time something occurs to him and he begins to smile and even chuckle. "Say," he says, "do you know where the Dumarts live?"

"Why sure, just near here; see that path going into the woods, if you follow it you can't miss their place."

"Thanks, I guess I'll get off, you've been a great help, more than you'll ever know."

The truck starts up and is soon out of sight. The man turns off the road onto a path cutting into the forest; as he walks he thinks. "At last I'll revenge those ten years in prison and get even with Judge Dumart. I didn't deserve that prison term, and now it's ruined my name, spoilt my chances for getting a job. That was a lucky break hearing about the dance. Ruth will be there, and she's the daughter the old judge is so fond of."

Soon he comes to a small shack. Entering it, he emerges with a meat-hatchet, rusty but sharp. He walks a little further and with an air of grim satisfaction sits down, his back against a tree. Above him in the fading day-light a sign points down the path—"Pine-Haven."

III

"Dad you look awfully tired, you should have let us bring you home sooner."

"Oh no! I was having a good time myself and anyway I'm sure it would have broken your's and Ruth's hearts even though you wouldn't have let on."

It was nearly three and we had just arrived home.

"Well, its certainly wonderful to be here after the hot city, but I suggest we all get to bed and then we can exchange our news in the morning."

"O.K." I said, "but I'm going to get you both a glass of milk."

"We'll come and help."

"No, I can do it and besides I'm hungry myself."

IV

On the outskirts of the clearing about the cottage of "Pine-Haven" a shadowy figure moves stealthily. The only light in the cottage comes from the front porch. Suddenly the figure stops and after a few moments of silence it flits across the clearing to the side of the cottage. Somebody can be heard going upstairs and presently a light appears in the upper portion of the building. A light in the kitchen is turned on.

The figure now moves to the screen door and calls softly "Ruth, Ruth."

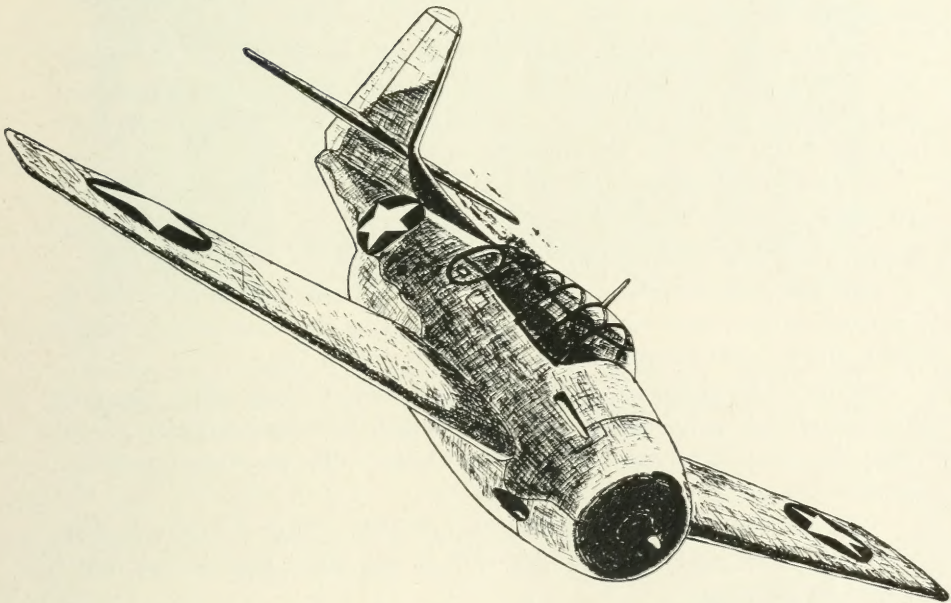
She comes to the door. "Yes, who is it—Is it you Dick?"

A pause then, "Yes, come out for a minute, will you?"

"Dick! What on earth are you doing here at this . . . why . . . oh!"

The figure rushes at her, a heavy object poised above his head, the light of the moon catches that object—a meat-hatchet, rusty but sharp.

C. C. CROMBIE, Form V.



Pants, Pancreas and Pranks

"I DON'T see what all you guys are worrying about," said Dave Carruthers to a group of fellow medical students the night before they were to enter the dissecting laboratory to examine a few "stiffs" for the first time. "They're pickled for half a year, and they don't bite"; he said "you're a bunch of lilies" and so saying he walked from the room.

It was not fear that made this group of "meds" feel a little squeamish towards the "pickles"! It was Jed Adams—old, stoop shouldered, wrinkle faced, tobacco chewing Jed Adams. He was the caretaker of the dissecting room. Stories and rumours travelled around about Jed's peculiar behaviour with the "pickles"; how he would talk to them as he laid them "out" and giggling with ghoulish glee he would straighten their mouldy locks. These, or slightly different stories, were in the minds of this group of future physicians as big, brave Dave walked out uttering his last scoffing words.

"In every disease-ridden corner of the globe, I, David, Carruthers, will fight and conquer human suffering unmindful of everything except the agony of the human race" laughed "Fats" Jenkins deep down in the sofa.

"Oh, yes, what's a few cold stinkin' stiffs to our budding Frankenstein", mumbled Tom Anderson.

On the other side of the sofa from "Fats" sat Cliff Welsh—the fellow who was behind, or in most schemes. His face suddenly assumed a radiant look, and he said, "Gather round, I know just the way to fix that boy for awhile. Now . . ."

It smelled very highly of formaldehyde, but anyway Jed wasn't around. Dr. Swartz hustled them off in twos to their tables on which lay their third partner.

Cliff and Fats, by some quirk of fate, sat opposite one another looking over their glassy-eyed, tight-lipped protégé whom they had already named Billy, and lo, right behind Fats at the next bench sat Dave!

None of the occupants of the room looked very happy about plunging knife, hand and wrist into the abdomen of their friend on the table to find what ticked, or rather what had ticked, therein. But for some reason Dr. Swartz was sold on the idea.

Cliff and Fats began their exploration of Billy. After ten minutes, Fats lifted his head, gave Cliff a smart kick on the shins and showed him a glistening pancreas.

"Nice, eh?" smirked Fats. "Yea," said Cliff, "I guess that'll fill the bill as well as anything."

Fats looked kindly at his, or rather Billy's, pancreas, slowly turned on his seat and very carefully placed the pancreas in Dave's hip pocket. (It was not a bad looking suit either.)

Fats turned around—Cliff bit his lip.

J. B. WYNNE, Form Lower VI.



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Tea

WHEN you sip a cup of steaming tea, do you ever think of the labour behind it before it reaches you in the tea-cup?

Tea is grown from a seed; the seeds are collected from the seed *baris* (nurseries) where trees are allowed to grow to about twenty feet in height. Then they are packed in half-*maund* (40-lb.) boxes in charcoal, with layers of paper between each layer of seed. A *maund* (80 lbs.) from a good seed *bari* costs as much as 150 to 160 rupees. (One rupee is approximately thirty-five cents.) When the seed arrives at the plantation, a good spot is picked in the jungle, all the trees and undergrowth are removed and the ground absolutely cleaned up for a space of from five to ten acres. Then beds are made, six feet wide, with a small drain between each; the soil is hoed, fork-hoed, levelled, all roots removed and lumps of soil broken up. Then when the seeds have begun to split in their germinating bed where they have been lying in a cool place in the jungle, they are taken out and sown one by one, nine inches apart, in straight rows, about one-and-a-half inches under the soil, with fresh, damp jungle soil placed over them. There are about 16,000 seeds to each *maund* of seed, and in a nursery, usually forty *maunds* are planted. The beds are protected from the sun by thatch, and a little rain about Christmas time puts everything in order for a good nursery.

After one year the tea plant stands about 2'-6" high; the thatch is thinned out, and the remainder left to rot. By this time a one hundred acre block will have been cleaned up for planting, the ground ploughed deep, and roads marked out. Then staking starts; this is done by first staking big houses of 100 small houses,—i.e. 400 feet by 400 feet, and when the lines are dead straight, the small houses are filled in with stakes four feet apart. The men dig holes about 18" deep by 15" wide; the plants are dug out carefully from the nursery and placed in the holes; then boys straighten the lines of plants, followed by women with bamboo rammers about six feet long who ram in the earth around the trees hard, and mix more earth with cattle manure which has previously been placed beside the holes by small girls, a full basket to each hole. Grass or thatch is placed around the base of the plant to keep it moist.

Such work continues for about two months, finishing the hundred acres at about Christmas time. The following year the weeds are hoed out and left to die on the soil; then follow successive prunings and cleaning for two years. By that time the plant has grown up and reached a height of about 32 inches, when it is plucked or cut across every month to make it spread out and become a bush rather than a tree. During the third year the bush is

plucked again at about 32 inches, and will give a small yield of about two *maunds* of tea per acre. The next year it is pruned at 21 or 24 inches, and soon becomes a good sized bush, touching its neighbours, which is wanted, since this will help prevent the weeds from growing and lessen the labour of keeping a thousand acres clean of weeds for nine months of the year. After six years in the garden, the yield on a good block will have risen to about 11 *maunds* per acre, which is 880 lbs. prepared tea.

Tea is made by first plucking clusters of two leaves and a bud from the bush (there may be as many as a hundred such shoots on one bush). These are put into baskets by the women plucking them. At mid-day they are weighed in and sent to the factory. On a big day 500 *maunds* (40,000 lbs.) of green leaf might be plucked by 800 coolies. For every five pounds of green leaf the women are paid one anna. Five pounds of green leaf make one pound of tea ready for the tea-pot.

When the leaf comes into the factory, it is carried up into the withering houses and spread thinly over the withering racks or *chungs*, which are $1\frac{1}{4}$ " meshes of strained wires over which hessian cloth is stretched. When the leaf has lost a certain amount of moisture, it is taken off the *chungs*, picked up in baskets and carried into the Tea House. There it is weighed and $4\frac{1}{2}$ *maunds* put into each rolling machine and rolled for 30 minutes. The leaf is then taken to a sifting machine, which is jiggled, and separates the small leaves from the others. These are taken into the fermenting room while the larger stuff goes through the rollers again, and stay there for about three and a half hours from the time the rolling started. The leaf has by this time changed from green to a deep red-brown, and is still very damp. After fermentation, it is carried on trays to the drying room and put into the drying machines, where the temperature is raised to 210° Fahrenheit. Having cooled off, it is put into the sorting room where it is cut to regular sizes and sorted into even grades; each grade is then packed into venesta boxes. When it gets to England it is blended and put up in packets for retail sale in the shops, where you buy your tea (if you have the coupons!).

J. V. HORWOOD, Lower VI.

Communion With The Dead

OUR mission was to begin to-morrow after travelling half-way across the Pacific in order to reach our destination. To recover a very valuable cargo from a river surrounded by a jungle full of hostile cannibals and head-hunters is an assignment which requires some thought before it is accepted. That is one of many reasons why my companion and I sat on the aft-deck of the steamer to discuss our operations for the following day. Our talk reached several hours in length before our plans were certain. We then went to bed to dream of the task which awaited us.

Early next morning just as the jungle was awakening, our party was at work placing the necessary apparatus in the launch in preparation for the trip upstream. Since I had to stay on the steamer to wait for some further supplies my friend offered to look after the first day's work. I watched the launch disappear and then returned to my own job.

It was early afternoon when the supplies finally arrived and this gave me a good deal of work to do. My mind was fully occupied with the task confronting me when I definitely heard a launch upstream. Suddenly our boat came into sight around the bend churning the peaceful water of the river into a minor rapids. To me this meant one thing for I knew the launch wasn't expected back until sunset. Something had gone wrong, but before I could ask, a member of the party was at my side explaining to me in what sounded like one word the events which had just happened up the river.

Slowly I realized what had happened. The natives or more accurately cannibals, attacked the launch when my friend was under the water searching for the cargo. In order to save the launch and equipment they cut the life line and left my friend on the bottom of the river. They tried to console me with the fact that being near the side he might have reached the bank before his air gave out; but this did not impress me very much.

I decided the best thing to do was to return there at once with two boats both well supplied with fire-arms. I went down myself at approximately the same spot as my friend had been when the launch had to leave. I stayed under as long as I could but found no trace of my friend. Gone, he was gone and hope for his safety was slim indeed. Probably he was caught in the current and carried down-stream, the weight of his diving suit keeping him near the bottom. I honestly believed that if he was alive, a miracle had been performed.

But the mission had to be completed despite the cost or complications. We had lost our key man but the work proceeded better than I had hoped, always though with a second boat well armed near at hand. It was a week

later when all that remained of our first episode was a bad memory, that I heard the sound of drums and other noises from not far off in the jungle. Having never seen real cannibals in their native habits, a sudden curiosity drove me to brave the dangers of the jungle. I consulted my most trusted servant and asked him if he wished to accompany me. This man was a black whom I supposed would be of more use to me than a white. At first he hesitated but after reassuring him that I would be careful, he consented to the venture.

We left the river bank and went into the jungle a short way. There we found a good hiding place and waited to see if there were any lurking cannibals. In ten minutes time there was still no activity so we decided to move in the direction from which the sound of the drums came. Slowly the drums grew louder; I felt sure we were very near them now. Then through the trees I could see many black figures on backgrounds of yellow flame. I could not withhold my curiosity; we must get closer to this clearing.

Bit by bit the picture of cannibals which had been painted in my mind by the story-books of my childhood was realized in an atmosphere of real suspense. I could see from my vantage point the whole scene. In the centre of the clearing was a huge fire with an equally huge cauldron above it. Around in tiers were hundreds of blacks simply dressed in their native costumes. They were very excited and seemed to be extremely interested in something at the far end of the clearing. I could see now the witch-doctors arranged in their most hideous and frightening apparel consulting rather vigorously with one another. Opposite them on the other side were several very stately looking men whom I concluded were chiefs.

Suddenly the whole gathering rose and began to utter wild shouts and to move in one of their truly native dances. Then, in my amazement at what I saw next, I must have moved rather noisily because several cannibals on the edge of the clearing looked searchingly into the dark jungle. There in the midst of a procession, still in his diver's suit, on the top of an elaborate stretcher carried by four natives was my lost companion and friend!

"The living dead," I gasped.

For five minutes my mouth was wide open in wonder and then I began a hurried discussion with my servant. He made this suggestion:

"If we were to wait until the feasting was over and all the natives asleep, we could steal into the place where your friend is and take him back to the river with us. It should be easy if we are careful."

"Yes," I agreed, "that is an excellent plan."

The feasting lasted far into the night and left us with many hours of anxious waiting. At last the longed silence came. We crept around

the edge of the clearing to a spot near my friend. The feast had made quite harmless these men who only a little while ago had been so savage. Boldly we crossed part of the camp and came to my friend sleeping peacefully. We carried him still in his diving suit out of the camp into the jungle in order to keep him from giving away our secret. Having arrived at a safe place we aroused him. In answer to our many questions, he told us this amazing story:

"I was walking on the bottom of the river near the bank when my lines were cut. Slowly I managed to reach the bank and safety. By that time, the launch was probably half-way home. Meanwhile, there were many natives on both sides of the river shouting, moving around excitedly. I rose from the water and walked uncertainly toward the bank. The natives fell back so enchanted that they could hardly move. The next thing I knew was that they were leading me to their village and giving me every comfort which they possessed. But all the while I had to stay in my diving suit. When they went to sleep that night they left me as though I was paralyzed, sitting on top of my stretcher; there I had to stay until you rescued me. For five days I was a curious god to the most hostile natives in the world! But we are not safe yet. What are we going to do now?"

"We shall remain here" I replied, "until just before the natives awake. Then we shall move to the river bank and wait for the launch to appear."

We did not sleep for the rest of the night but towards morning my friend and my servant managed to rest. Our next move was very important. My friend left his diving suit in the jungle and after walking two miles we were on the edge of civilization. Not long after sunrise the launch came up the river and with much rejoicing took us aboard.

In another week our job was finished thus giving my friend and I our first real chance to discuss our adventure.

"Yes," my friend reflected, "those fellows are real hosts if they don't know that you're a white man."

G. L. RAPMUND, Form Lower VI.

Lord Sydney

THE summer of 1936 found me in London, staying at a small boarding house on Brompton Road opposite the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was July, sunny and beautiful. Almost every Sunday afternoon I strolled up Brompton to Knightsbridge and along past the end of St. George's Hospital to Hyde Park. Sunday the 23rd was no exception. I had just gone under the Hyde Park Arch and was about to cross Rotten Row when I felt a sickening premonition of danger—I remembered bitterly that five years ago a similar premonition had resulted in the slender scar across my back!

I crossed Rotten Row uneasily and it was as I turned into the Park proper that I was sure I was being shadowed. Unconsciously I quickened my pace, and soon realized that London was ambling and I was nearly running; imagine, nearly running up Ring Road by the Serpentine, on *Sunday*, just because I thought there was danger in the wind. I took a casual glance behind me, to have my gaze jolted by a stocky man in a steel grey suit, about thirty paces back; a man in a steel grey suit had been seated on a bench just North of Rotten Row!

The whole atmosphere was strained and unreal; a distinguished chap in a dark blue pin-striped suit walked just ahead of me swinging a slender cane; he turned. Of all things for such a young, broad shouldered man to wear—a vandyke beard. He looked at me for but an instant, an instant that frightened me; there was something strange about him—his eyes! He looked terrified—reminded me of a young tiger which I had caught five years ago in the Federated Malaya States.

The Park was swarming with well-to-do ladies and gentlemen who formed the so-called "upper crust" of London, women just back from the continent with silly looking canines, people who were there just because the Nobility was and those who were gathered to hear the "soap box" orations.—Through it all the owner of the pin-striped suit ventured equally fearful glances at the man in steel grey.

As we neared the bridge that leads across the Serpentine into Kensington Gardens, I realized that perhaps my gentleman with the vandyke was being followed and I had simply, yet obstinately, intervened. This changed the situation somewhat; my assistance might prove valuable. I quickened my pace now with the intention of offering my services to the frightened individual ahead; I never reached him. He began to run across the bridge; I tried to evade a girl with a perambulator, but slipped and struck my head on the granite wall. I saw a blinding light, then nothing. . . .

My head swam with pain as I tried to open my eyes; when I finally

got a grip of myself I realized sharply that I was back in my lodgings at Brompton and—My God!—the fellow with the vandyke was at the foot of my bed—and yes, a man in a grey suit was seated by the window!

"Well—you certainly had us worried for a bit," said a voice that I learned belonged to a Dr. Hartford. The man by the window rose and came toward me—"ow's the 'ead feel?"—a voice that matched his suit—

"Not so bad," I managed, "But, tell me, who might I be addressing?"

"Ah yes, we do owe you a bit of an explanation. I'm Saunders Brown, from Scotland Yard—this is Lord Sydney Wycliffe . . ."

"Oh," said I, feeling that little had been explained.

"You see," Saunders continued, "Lord Sydney's just inherited a rather large fortune, and I've been keeping an eye on 'im for the last three days—quite a job believe me! Any'ow I thought you were following Lord Sydney, and was about to arrest you when you 'it your 'ead. I phoned in my report to the yard, and Sir 'enry said 'e 'appened to know you and vouched for your innocence and said that I was to see that you got back 'ere all right, and 'ad the necessary medical care."

"Good old Sir Henry," I chuckled—"Might be in jail now if it wasn't for him!"

I was up and about by Wednesday and feeling quite myself. Lord Sydney dropped in to see me on Friday, and Sunday found us strolling in Hyde Park together—fast friends.

D. SUMMER, Form Lower VI.

In the Valley of the Test

A rook flying noisily overhead shattered my reflections. I looked up at the wise old bird standing above the elms which lined the road. After a while he flew towards the woods, and I lost him in the mass of green foliage. Gradually his cawing died away and silence returned to the countryside.

I turned off the road and down the lane. On either side of the grass track the hedge was thick with honeysuckle, the intoxicating scent hanging heavily in the air. A thrush was singing in a hawthorn tree, its song mingling with the chimes of the church clock in the village. A young rabbit scampered across the lane, its little white scut bouncing up and down, its paws spraying the moisture on the grass right and left. I smiled contentedly.

"She's a foine evenin', eh, Sirr?"

There was young Mott, the gillie, sitting in the garden of his cottage,

a tankard of beer was clasped in his ample fist, a well-worn pipe protruded from his smiling mouth.

"You're quite right, Mott."

"P'raps ye'll 'ave a glass, sir?" I thanked him and sat down on the bench. Looking around, I noticed with what care he kept his home. The flower beds were full of roses, the privet hedge was trimmed and neat—"an Englishman's home" I thought.

In a few minutes he returned with my beer and sat down. We talked of the morning's rain, of the state of the river, of the success he had had with the pike-traps. At the mention of these last he broke down and cursed the creatures heartily.

I laughed and he said ruefully.

"Oh, it's all very well for ye t' laugh, but just ye wait 'til ye've caught not a thing the whole evenin', and then try it."

He grinned, and thanking him I passed on down the lane. The birds were silent now for eventide was falling. The rooks passed to and fro', but their cries were stilled. The mosquitoes, on the other hand, buzzed around menacingly!

Down at the river I stopped, and looked about me with joy in my heart. The stream flowed tranquilly by. The last rays of sun shone entrancingly on the ripples. But my hour was not yet come.

I sat down on a stump and lit my pipe, watching the blue smoke rise lazily in the still air; a mosquito, accidentally entering the fog, retreated hastily! A heron rose in haughty flight from his position down stream, in evident disgust at my arrival and the consequent disturbance of his evening meal. A water-rat slipped into the water, throwing out a ring of waves onto the surface of the stream. Two moorhens squawked in alarm, as something disturbed them.

At last I rose and knocked out my pipe; picking up my rod, I set out up the stream. The sun was sinking behind a line of elms, the branches against the light giving an impression of the bones of some giant prehistoric monster. Thirty yards above me a trout rose and gulped down a fly from the surface. I grinned in anticipation. The "Evening Rise" had begun.

I knelt gingerly on the bank and cast out the tiny, furry fly beyond the feeding trout. It landed with a little splash, and I watched it with apprehension; all my senses were strained watching that feathery creation, but the wily fish refused it, and relaxing, I cast again. The same thing happened twice again, but the third time I struck and reeled in steadily, despite the gallant efforts of my trout to escape.

I looked at him lying on the damp grass, twitching, his silver body covered with red spots. Dipping my hand in the stream, I let him go, and he swam away, down into the dark depths of weed and water.

And so it went on: up past the big pool and the water chute; over the wooden foot bridge and on up to the old stone bridge, where the big fellow used to lie, and where the road to Stockbridge crossed the stream. There, I sat on the wall and listened to the water flowing under the bridge, and the splashing sound of a fish, still feeding underneath it.

Darkness had fallen and a warm breeze rustled the leaves of the willows beside the bank. The light of a shepherd's hut twinkled on the Downs across the valley. Slowly the moon rose above the hills, shedding her silver cloak of light over the country side, turning the river into a magic carpet.

Mott had been right about "catching not a thing" for my creel was empty as I sat on the bridge. True, I had caught a couple of little 'uns, but I had put 'em back again. Still, I was quite content. For here in the valley of the Test was Happiness for those who could enjoy the simple things: the wind in the trees; the songs of the birds; the freshness of the water; and fishing. Mott was an idiot anyway. It was'n't the number of fish you caught, it was the fun you got.

I whistled happily as I tramped up the avenue of trees home. I wondered whether it would rain next day. I'd see—tomorrow would be another day. The chimes of the church clock rang softly over the valley.

W. B. LAPPIN, Form Upper VI.



PREFECTS

1st Row—R. M. Lightbourn, W. A. McKenzie, J. C. Garrett, Esq., E. H. Crawford.
2nd Row—W. M. E. Clarkson, W. B. Lappin, D. G. Cameron.

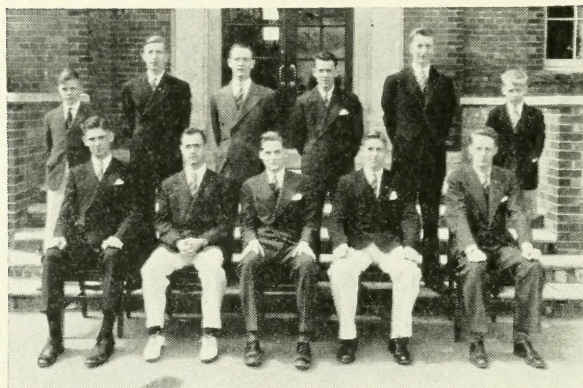
A Corner Drugstore

Drugstores always seem to be situated on corners, as if they were aloof from the bakery next door, or the shoe shop across the road, or the brilliant jeweller's three doors down the street; perhaps they assume these strategically important points so that the urgent customer can readily find her way to buy the pills for her poor sick boy who has just fallen into the icy pond down in the ravine; or is it because people in search of ice cream have not to go far before they can satisfy their hunger.

Drugstores generally display everything but drugs: these are hidden behind the partition at the back of the shop, and a peep into this secluded storehouse of elixirs reveals long rows of neatly labelled bottles, the larger at one end and tapering almost to a point at the other, and the labels bearing the most hideous Latin names and mysterious formulae. What is a drugstore if it does not contain a soda-fountain? where people sit on the square inches of imitation leather whiling away the hot afternoons sucking lazily at milk-shakes and ice cream sodas. This particular section is to most people the only attraction of a drugstore.

The unharmonious clank of the door-bell signals the advent of a customer to the den of scenty perfumes and odoriferous medicines; one customer stops sucking his straw and casually steals a glance at the intruder, only to resume his occupation a moment later. "Yes, madam," invites the clerk from behind a stack of cigar boxes. "May I have two dozen table-napkins, the 'Crown' brand if you please?" the clerk disappears and rummages about in the murky darkness below the counter; soon a muffled voice is heard; "I'm very sorry, ma'am, but we haven't any more 'Crowns', would a couple of dozen 'Silver Kings' do?" "But my neighbour just bought some 'Crowns' only yesterday afternoon. Do you mean to say you have sold out in that short time? Gracious! What is the world coming to!" The flushed physiognomy of the clerk emerges from Erebus and a polite argument starts immediately. Meanwhile a dirty little gutter-snipe rushes in and stands gloating at the "candy" stand; having at length made up his mind, he sprawls over the counter with his nickel and copper firmly clutched by his filthy fingers; "Gimme a 'Oh Henry', please" he shouts,—the clerk excuses himself to oblige even the dirtiest client—and then resumes his argument with the obstinate housewife. At long last she decides she had better try "some other place", and thereupon stalks out with a slamming of doors and clanging of bells. The clerk continues his previous work—making out a prescription—as if nothing had happened; after all, who ever considers the man behind the counter in a corner drugstore?

J. V. HORWOOD, Lower VI.



REVIEW STAFF

1st Row—A. I. Macrae, D. G. Cameron, F. S. Grant, W. M. E. Clarkson,
F. M. Hall.
2nd Row—W. P. Lewis, J. V. Horwood, R. K. Jones, D. R. P. Sumner, C. W. Eddis,
A. J. S. Fletcher.

Thoughts of Youth

"here, my son,

"Your father spent the thoughts of youth."

"**W**HAT are you going to do?" Grown-ups never tire of asking youths this question. If the youth can answer it, the decisions that are steering him into some career are tested by reality. If he is still founder-ing in the tide of life seeking a rock on which to build his house and a way to build it, he is reminded that he must decide soon or be carried in the tide, taking what chance may offer.

There are three characteristics of youth; an open mind, a desire to accomplish, and bright hopes for the future. Many people under the pressure of trials and disappointments undergone lose a proper perspective with which to face realities, making advancement of the intellect difficult. Youth's dreams are unspoiled by the business of living, and have not turned to illusionment or shown that anticipation is greater than realization. Thus so many great men accomplish their recorded deeds when young, for example, Wordsworth, Napoleon, Alexander the Great.

A young man is emerging from the bliss of childhood and security of the home to face the world. As his learning, experience and ability to think develop, he begins to feel restless—his soul is beginning to demand something more of existence than living from day to day. As for the future, what does life hold? Where can that elusive state called happiness be found? Questions as old as man's power to think arise.

Life is the enjoyment of it, and the satisfaction of enjoyment. There are two main types, physical and spiritual enjoyment. The physical enjoyment pleases the senses, satisfies the physical urges. Youth is too liable to consider this form of enjoyment the only form. It spends too much money, has a shallow "good time" in the "restless pursuit of pleasure." Even such a sacred thing as love with its possibilities of rebuilding what was to the individual a home in childhood, its meaning appreciated and enjoyed more fully in maturity—even this is abused in youth in the wasteful desire to make the future the present. This physical enjoyment of life is spoiled by over-indulgence—its effect, cloy. It is better far never to have had enough, for then there is something yet to be looked forward to, to live for. Happiness is not hidden in the pursuit of passing pleasures. Happiness lies not in doing the things we like but in liking the things we do. Nor is material welfare and money our goal in life; it is necessary to our security and living, but a factor rather than the objective.

Spiritual enjoyment continues after the senses tire, as long as the soul remains in us. The pursuit of "les choses spirituels" distinguishes man from the animals. We cannot imagine our souls out of being, though all else may cease. The soul, incited by death, the spur to all mortal progress, demands spiritual satisfaction. The spirit's wish to seek new heights of wisdom and learning often finds expression in a career.

A thorough, broad, and comprehensive education is essential to develop a man's soul; training him to think and reason, the scope of his mind is widened. The really successful education arouses the spirit to the pursuit of knowledge. The individual then advances mentally of his own desire. If he is free to choose his career, this thirst usually decides it for him. He cannot follow knowledge over the horizon of every field of learning, so he becomes a specialist in that which interests him most. But the keenness and ardour of youth may die off when the individual realizes the end of the path can never be reached. We are mortals, and God does not entrust to us the secret of life itself, to which we want learning to lead us in this life. Even the scientist is no more a scientist when he tries to deal with such things—he is rather a deeply religious person who recognizes the cosmos of existence beyond our understanding. This is why religion is an essential part of every man's life. Far from scientists telling us there is not a God, they are surer than we are that there is.

Where then are we to find the most important *secrets* we seek? Why, look around! Our solution is so close to us we seem to ignore it—our fellow man. He can bring us nearer to truth than the minutest study of inanimates obeying the laws of nature. Treated both objectively, and as someone in the same situation that we are in, human beings are the greatest source of interest and satisfaction. We tangle with the same mental giants.

Before we can say we know a person, we must know what he is living for—we must meet his soul.

We human beings have our castles in the air. But these will exist only as long as we feel securely enrooted in life. In reality also must we enjoy a full life. The fullest is one filled with human love—greatest in a home and a family. Here can be shared all the good things we find in this world; in adversity one member's burden is lightened as supported by the others. Living becomes more stable, and in spite of our ups and downs, we can stand, firmly rooted in the house that was built upon a rock. Accomplishment lies in the bringing up of children, in the making of these new lives. Spiritual communication is most intimate in a family. As time passes memories from a common past are shared, and as we grow older we can firmly say, "We have lived our lives." What more does youth ask of life than really to live?

What is the key to the future that we hold, perhaps unwittingly, in our grasp? Youth learns better by experience than by dictation. In this case personal experience is too costly, as the key is lost too soon. We have only one life to lead. We shall never progress beyond our elders if we do not profit by their experience. They can tell us what the key is,—if we choose to listen, and believe them by putting the advice into effect. In this changing modern civilization there is more and more no substitute for capability as a result of intensive preparation. Now is our one opportunity. We must subject ourselves to sacrifice in present pleasures and self-discipline for hard tedious work. Youth is too devoted to enjoying the present, thinking there is time enough in the future to prepare for the future; but the opportunity is put off until it no longer exists. Living will not be a success unless we try to be successes. It is the effort that counts, not the career we choose—there are successful men in every field. "He that keepeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it." So will the hardest become the easiest. We who have the future in our hands must cease to be escapists absorbed in the fleeting present. The pleasures of life are always available, and all worthwhile things are worth waiting for.

*"To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what you are the race shall be."*

C. W. EDDIS, Form Lower VI.

Death in Red Water Hole

THE logs disappeared over the falls into a cloud of mist at a breath-taking speed. At the brink of the falls was a wide cauldron of swirling foam where the logs were caught and toyed with by the raging waters before being hurtled into space. There is one incident for which I shall never forget Red Water Hole, as it was called after the surrounding red cliffs of clay.

I was watching an inexperienced logger out in the jam, when suddenly a shot rang out. It missed the man, whining into the woods after ricocheting off the log. Frightened, the logger lost his balance and slipped off the log. I ran down the riverbank to the shore beside the cauldron. Here the victim reappeared.

He managed to climb onto a log, where he lay on his stomach. The log was carried towards the edge. Realizing his plight, he was supplied with a frenzy of energy, so close to the margin between life and death. Six times by paddling desperately with his hands he guided the log back into the great whorl, the cauldron. Each time he escaped destruction was like a moment more of time to live, to hope.

But then the stern hand of Fate made its bid. The log that represented his last hold on life was caught in a row of other logs which headed for the brink. The logger was too tired to resist. The speed of the logs increased. Reaching the brink, the logs seemed to hesitate in mid-air, then they plunged down into the impenetrable mist below, with the terrified doomed man screaming until his cries seemed to fade in the roar of the waters.

Powerless to help him, I stood dazed at the sight, awed by being a witness to the drama of death. Thus a government agent, with his rifle, found me. A murderer had just been punished by supreme justice. I wandered home dazed, the vision of the doomed man clutching onto the log in Red Water Hole engraved in my mind.

F. S. MILLIGAN, Form IV.

Scrap Metal

A. B. CASSIE and I were collecting scrap iron; not for fun and not for profit, but simply because our country was at war and metals of any kind were needed. From our collection we discovered more than various odds and ends: we founded a closer association and deeper understanding with our neighbours; and in our trudging back and forth with a

little cart we saw more than brass rods, iron bars, copper vases, and aluminum bars; we observed all eyes steeled with confidence and all mouths lined in firm determination.

During the first day of our campaign, we were both agreeably surprised to find that doors were not slammed in our faces by angry housewives and that fierce dogs were not turned loose to expedite our departure. Indeed, we were so welcomed and encouraged that for a time we doubted our capacity for the fulfilment of the undertaking and for the justification of such genuine enthusiasm.

A lady at one house had handed to A.B. one of those metal utensils of shining enamel frequently found under beds for the nocturnal convenience of sleepers above and was saying, "Tak it awa laddie, oor Geordie only uses it fer playing sojers wi'."

Geordie, now deprived of his "tin helmet," came forward, prompted a little by his mother, and produced a company of tin soldiers gaily coloured in red and gold, "Feyther's gaen tae buy me new anes when he comes awa back hame."

We thanked Geordie for his noble sacrifice and hoped that his father would be back soon.

One old lady dressed in fine black lace and capped in a white mutch offered us a carefully polished brass sheet and asked if it would be of any use to us. Upon examination we found it was the door plate of her son, who had evidently been a prosperous doctor.

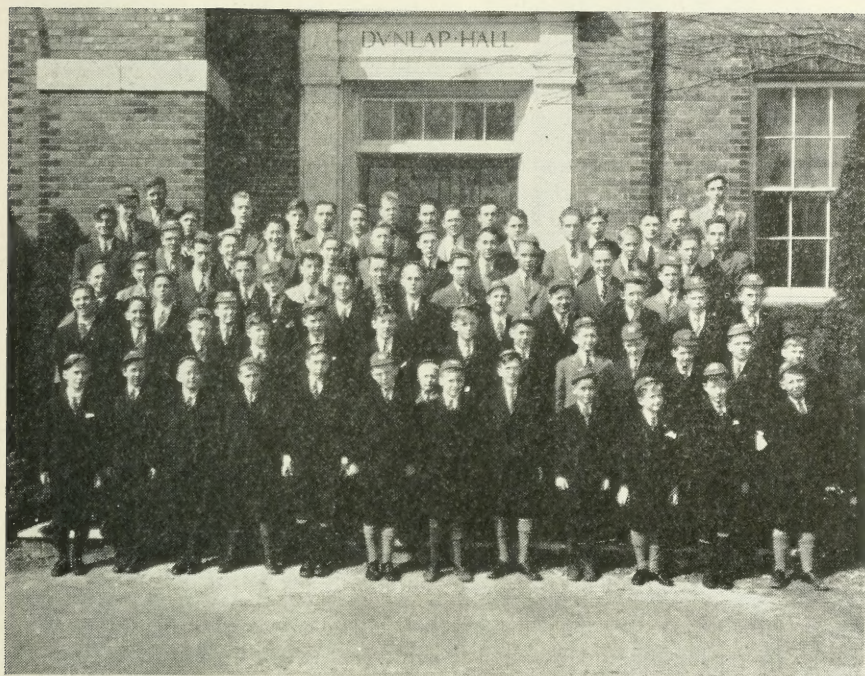
"Yon lad was killed by Jerry in the last Great War," she explained, looking at us through misty eyes.

We thanked her kindly. There had been no need to tell her about the urgent demand for metal and the war's greedy consumption of men. She had seen her husband march proudly behind Baden-Powell to relieve the besieged town of Mafeking; she had heard Lord Kitchener appeal for men to fill the trenches in Flanders' fields; she had felt the tremor of the ground as the German bombers tried to bomb the Forth bridge. Time had taught her, and by experience she understood.

What other sacrifices were made by those who contributed so generously to our scrap heap we shall never know. Those who gave most had something greater than metal to lose; they were not supporting the pair of dirty boys who were building a scrap iron heap beside Mr. Cassie's house; they were backing at their home front, fathers and brothers, sons and nephews who were stationed somewhere in France.

Yet, as our scrap iron pile grew bigger, so too did our war effort increase; from the work of little men and women came forth the mighty strength of a free nation fighting for liberty.

A. I. MACRAE, Form Lower VI.



NEW BOYS

- 1st Row—D. G. Trent, C. H. Malcolmson, B. McDonald, J. H. Christopherson, M. T. Findley, L. H. Lovell, W. G. T. Rashleigh, D. L. Sanderson, E. Goldsmith, F. Ferguson, J. E. Trent, T. M. Magladery, M. K. Ballentine.
- 2nd Row—J. F. King, P. C. E. A. Martin, H. F. H. Sedgwick, I. H. Perlman, P. B. Bell, J. L. Fuller, R. McColl, T. M. Munn, L. C. Bain, G. R. B. Coultas, R. L. Van den Bergh, D. M. Michelsen, B. Christopherson.
- 3rd Row—J. G. Little, E. A. A. Martin, D. C. McLaughlin, W. R. Clark, C. W. Irvine, I. D. F. Schofield, P. J. Errington, J. J. Nold, T. I. Findley, P. A. Blomfield, J. G. Purdy.
- 4th Row—T. B. Chipman, W. B. Crombie, D. C. Shaw, F. Aspinall, G. C. Price, G. J. Hutton, A. F. R. Brown, J. D. Bradley, C. P. Trent.
- 5th Row—D. B. Pratt, J. W. Saylor, J. D. J. Murrell, R. Mackinnon, C. W. McCauley, J. V. Horwood, W. K. P. Ball, H. G. Donoghue, G. M. Livingston, F. S. Milligan, D. W. Atkinson, B. M. White.
- 6th Row—S. B. Ware, R. A. Briden, T. W. Sainthill, M. C. Dobbin, W. Errington, L. J. Errington, J. B. Ritchie, T. A. Hendry, J. D. Malcolmson, J. H. Hall, E. O. Rawson, J. H. Knowles, M. R. Roberts, D. M. Straith, G. R. Jackson, J. P. Edward.

Confessions of an Advertising Agent

It all began one night as I was preparing for bed. One of the prime figures of the student body, the editor, in fact, of our worthy magazine, came sedately and relentlessly into my room (which I share with another unfortunate individual) with a smile that could mean only one thing—he wanted something.

However, as it happened, he did not want something, but rather someone. It seemed that a former member of the advertising staff had developed a chronic case of pityriasis and sore feet and hence was unable to hold his position.

After a lengthy interview with the former individual, during which I was filled with the joys and delights of offering a helping hand to the school magazine in the advertising department, I found myself pressed, drafted, and inextricably absorbed into the staff.

The first trip to Toronto that I took was with another disillusioned draftee who had failed to escape the winning smile of the editor.

When we reached the city by bus, we were blissfully confident of our ability to get at least one hundred dollars worth of advertisements. Boldly, therefore, we mounted the steps leading to our first objective, and, having humbly begged an interview with the manager, we were ushered into an inner office. He must have thought that we were customers, for at the outset he made us feel perfectly at home and inquired as to our business. When we smilingly expounded our intentions to him, his expression underwent a subtle change, and we were politely but firmly ushered off the premises.

Undaunted by our first repulse, we came to our second objective, which—believe it or not—was a ladies' clothing store. We were at a loss to arrive at the reason why we had been sent here; so we decided that the manager must be an old boy, and, with a slight blush colouring our faces, hurried through the store to the office. Here we were somewhat hastily dismissed with expressions peculiar to the jargon of the church and the statement that the "venerable" (he meant honourable) gentleman had never heard of our (more church language) magazine.

We began to feel a little discouraged. Nevertheless, we decided to change our tactics in favour of high-pressure, foot-in-the-door salesmanship. It worked! Having taken our third place of call by storm, we were given a half-page advertisement. Unfortunately, however, we got our receipts mixed and ended by paying out the sum that we were supposed to receive. However, the manager was very kind with such people as we, and he helped us out a great deal.

And so it went, good luck, bad luck, good days, bad days; all blighted with much walking.

Winter went by, and the time for the summer issue to go to press was drawing near.

Having consolidated my position on the staff, I decided I should go to the easier places on our route in the summer campaign.

Accordingly, one Wednesday morning found my former colleague and myself approaching a certain Residential School for Young Women. I confessed to my partner that my heart was in my mouth—for obvious reasons—but he was unable to answer because his teeth were chattering.

In brief, I didn't think my nerves would stand the strain, but sheer inspiration carried us forward and we entered the portals. Immediately, we were pounced upon by a remarkably good-natured receptionist, whose manner built up my morale considerably. We stated the object of our call; and, after much telephoning, the headmistress informed us that we must see the school's advertising agency.

During this interlude, several groups of young female students had been parading back and forth along a corridor in front of us. It is positively amazing how one can be diverted from one's purpose by a group of young women.

Having settled our business affairs, we managed by obscure and patented means to see certain pupils with whom we had a rather earnest friendship. (This last sentence is not included in my report.) By the time we had completed our calls, we found that we had walked from North Toronto to Bloor Street east, and having reached the limit of our endurance we succumbed to our hunger and ate as large a meal as the economy of our allowance would permit.

Having thus viewed the trials and struggles of the inglorious branch of a magazine, you should let these lines be inscribed upon your mind as a tribute to the unsung heroes of any school and its magazine.

F. M. HALL, Form Lower VI.

CHANGING FACE OF ST. ANDREW'S

Spring, 1942—

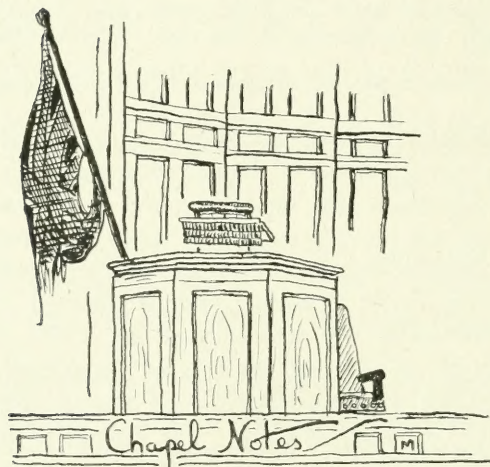
Chipman, Milligan: "New Boy!"

New Boy: "Yes Sir."

Spring, 1943—

Prefect: "New Boy!"

Chipman, Milligan: "Yes Sir."



The Chapel

The chapel continues to contribute to school life. Every week-day before morning closes a brief service is held at 8.45. Everyone joins in the hymns and the prayers, the senior boys take turns reading the lesson. On Sunday there is the afternoon service at five o'clock—usually with a visiting speaker—and besides the school there are some visitors, including the familiar faces of a few old boys. Singing practices are held in the chapel on Fridays, and new hymns are continually being taught. On several occasions Mr. Ouchterlony has given short recitals on the organ. Yes, the chapel has a distinct role; beneath the active part it offers there is the opportunity to relax, mentally and physically, and find contentment in sharing with others the simple services.

Chapel Notes

On Sunday, January the 10th, the Rev. John F. Davidson spoke in the chapel. His sermon was based on the story of the Good Samaritan.

* * *

On Sunday the 17th Dr. W. H. Sedgewick gave the address. His text was, "Blessed is the man who, nerved by Thee, hath set his heart on the ascent."

* * *

On Sunday the 24th Rev. Hugh MacMillan preached the sermon in the chapel.

* * *

On Sunday the 31st Rev. G. A. Little delivered an uplifting sermon in

which he explained by illustration and reason that the machine age has not submerged the spirit by the mechanical mind—"the spirit is supreme."

On Sunday, February the 14th, the Rev. John Frank gave the address. His subject was based on the story of the rich young man in John 10, and he emphasized the need of full consideration for and understanding of your fellow man.

* * *

On Sunday the 21st the Rev. Morton Freeman spoke on social engineering—the duty of every Christian in building a better world—"a world not to merit the wrath of God, but His blessing."

* * *

On Sunday, March the 21st, the Rev. Arnold Nash spoke in the chapel on Christianity in the world to-day. His text was "to Whom the nations are as grasshoppers."

* * *

On Sunday the 28th, Rev. H. D. Smith, from Upper Canada College, gave the address. His subject from the gospel was building a house upon a rock.

* * *

On Sunday, April the 4th, Dr. P. J. Robinson spoke in the chapel on the early Christians, and how we should follow their example.

* * *

On Sunday the 11th, Mr. Garrett, the Acting Headmaster, gave an address as a farewell to those boys who were leaving at Easter. He likened life to a series of tests made upon us.

* * *

On Sunday, May the 2nd, Mr. Garrett gave the address. His subject was on keeping an open mind, which necessitates not condemning new ideas. He pointed out it was essential to the progress of the mind.

* * *

On Sunday the 9th Prof. Kenneth Cousland spoke in the chapel on Paul Bunyan's Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, and reminded us never to forget the importance of God as we pursue things in life.

* * *

On Sunday the 23rd Captain Downer from Newmarket Training Camp preached the sermon.

* * *

On Sunday the 30th, the Rev. Provost Cosgrave spoke in the chapel. His address was on the forming of ideals for a postwar world.

In addition to the usual chapel note briefs, it is the custom to include one sermon in full. This time we print the sermon given by Captain A. W. Downer, of Newmarket Training Camp, on Sunday, May 23rd.

Sermon

DELIVERED BY CAPT. THE REV. A. W. DOWNER ON
SUNDAY, MAY 23rd, IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL

TODAY is Empire Day, when we think of the Empire and the things that have contributed to its greatness. I have in my hand a book which has often been called the first of our National Treasures. This book, to my mind, has contributed more largely to the greatness of our country than any other single thing. This book, said Queen Victoria, is the secret of our greatness. And yet it is in many ways an unknown book. We all possess Bibles, but how many of us read them? So great is our ignorance of this book that Bruce Barton called it "The Unknown Book," which reminds me of the little boy who was playing with a Bible in the drawing-room when his mother entered and said, "Sonny, put that book away, it's God's book," and the little boy answered, "If it's God's book, let us send it back to him. We never use it anyway." We never use it or read it, and yet that book has meant more to Britain than anything we possess.

Let us think of this book this afternoon. It begins with an intimately human story and ends with a dream. The story is about two people in a garden, the dream is about a far off event when all men shall bow before God's throne. Between the story and the dream are written down the greatest thoughts of men.

The Bible is not really one book, but a whole library in itself, and if we would know its message we must have imagination and an adventurous spirit, for we shall meet strange people as we turn its pages—priests, kings, poets, scholars, fishermen, soldiers, statesmen, farmers. Yet all these different people speak of God and all speak to us. The Bible is the story of man's age-old search for God, for the meaning of life and death. Open the book where you will and you are immediately in the presence of great matters, great failings, great thoughts, great achievements.

If a man is to be really educated he must know this book. The greatest orators and poets have quoted from its pages. It speaks to us of the greatest things in life. If we think of friends, we turn to the story of David and Jonathon—of courage, we think of Daniel—of faith, we think of Moses, Abraham, Paul. But it also is filled with cleansing and life-giving power. It is behind all the moral progress of time. Its influence abolished slavery, glorified childhood and womanhood. This book has given us the highest and best in our civilization. No wonder Queen Victoria said it holds the secret of Britain's greatness.

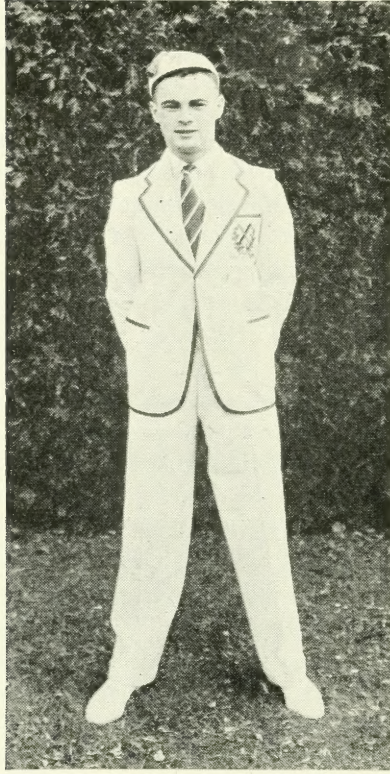
Twenty years ago a celebrated writer wrote a book entitled "When it was Dark." In it he pictured a world in which faith had died, when the Bible was discredited, an age of cruelty, savage aggression and robbery. As we look around we see this prophecy coming true. All is dark. Man must return to this book or perish.

A few years ago men said, "It doesn't matter what a man believes so long as he behaves." We are wiser now. We know that unless a man believes in great things he will never behave in a great way. We act in accordance with our beliefs. To be honest we must believe that honesty is the best policy. The Bible is not an old book in a new world, but a book that is abreast of modern conditions. There are things that do not change in life—selfishness, lust, greed, cruelty, the quest for power; these things are not new, neither are friendship, courage, love of God or mercy new. Of these things the Bible speaks. Man's nature in all ages needs the same satisfactions, the same restraints, the same resources of prayer and power. The setting of our lives changes, the outward things are altered, but the heart of man, the real things do not change; so let us read this book and live by it.

Today we are thinking of Britain and her past greatness and of her future majesty. As this book was the secret of her past greatness, so it holds the secret of her future power. The war has cost us much already; we have suffered one half million casualties; one home in every five in old England has been destroyed; thousands of churches and schools have been bombed, and we would like to be sure of ultimate victory. To be sure we must have God on our side. With Him on our side we cannot fail, and we can have God with us if we are on His side. If God be for us, who can be against us? Let us arm ourselves then with the whole armour of God by reading this book which holds the secret of future greatness for us and our Empire.

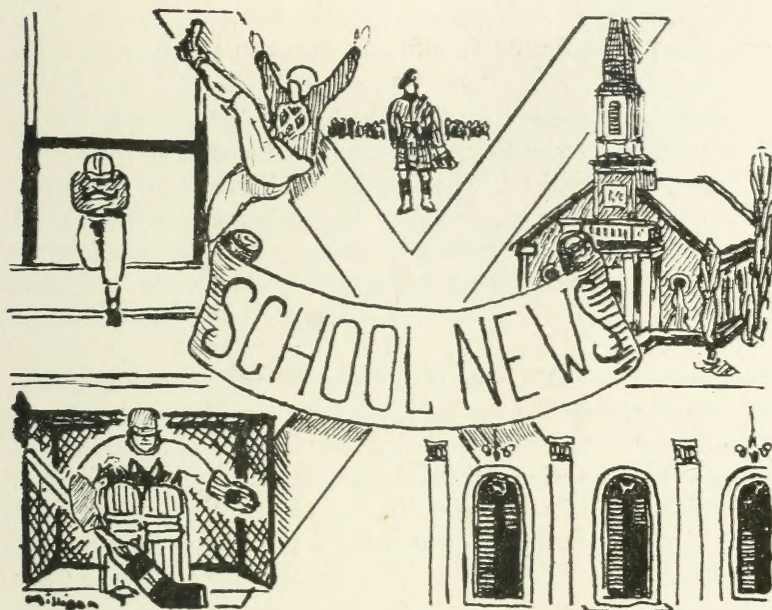
May I say in closing that I appreciate the privilege of speaking to the boys of St. Andrew's College. You are fortunate indeed to be in residence here, for this College puts a seal on all its boys. You can pick out a St. Andrew's boy anywhere, any time. There is a certain trait in every one that time cannot erase. In the army you can pick out an Old Boy of this school anywhere.

You can make even a greater contribution to your school, to your country, by knowing the Unknown Book. For it holds the secret of individual greatness as well as Empire greatness.

**HEAD PREFECT**

W. A. McKenzie.

As head prefect of this year, Mackenzie has distinguished himself in school life and athletics alike, and has taken an active interest in all school activities. In this office he has been most successful; and although nothing more need be said of his capabilities, he was always a friend, and remained popular and well-liked by all in the school. In athletics, MacKenzie has done equally well. In football, he played a grand game at wing for the first team, and could be counted upon as a steady tackler; in basketball, he captained the team throughout a moderately successful season, himself a most reliable player. We should have liked to have seen him boxing, but unfortunately studies interfered. Bill is headed for the army this summer, and we wish him every possible success and achievement in the future.



On the evening of Saturday, February 13th, in the Little Theatre, moving pictures were shown. The feature "The Lion Has Wings" gave a very interesting outline of the operational activities of the Royal Air Force. Two short subjects, one on skiing, the other a cartoon, ended a very enjoyable evening.

* * *

During the Winter Term Mr. Ouchterlony gave a number of his ever-popular piano recitals. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Ouchterlony for taking the extra time and effort required to present these programmes.

The first in this series of recitals took place on Saturday, March 6th, and contained a rather amusing composition—a variation on the theme, "Chopsticks".

* * *

On Saturday evening, March 20th, Mr. Ouchterlony presented his second programme. It was divided into two parts; the former being the playing of recordings of the first and second marches from "Pomp and Circumstance". At the piano Mr. Ouchterlony played Percy Grainger's "Country Gardens", and the Waltzes in A flat and B flat. There seemed to be a reminiscent glint in more than one pair of eyes as Mr. Ouchterlony gave his interpretation of "As Time Goes By".

On Saturday, March 27th, the third and final recital of the Winter Term was presented in the form of an Organ Recital. Among the works that were played was Bach's Toccato and Fugue in D minor.

* * *

On Thursday afternoon, April 29th, Mr. Sedgewick spoke to us on behalf of the Farm Service Force. He spoke of the critical labour shortage on the farms and urged all, who possibly could, to work on farms this summer. Already a number from St. Andrew's are planning to help on the farms and we hope that more will seriously consider this work for at least part of the summer. It is urgent that we help in the production of food.

* * *

Often during the half hour periods on Friday afternoons when the school is rehearsing for the Sunday Chapel service, Mr. Ouchterlony finds time to play a few numbers on request. On Friday, May 21st, we heard four request numbers which included "The Road to the Isles", Handel's "Largo", Rachmaninoff's "Italian Polka" and Pietro Yon's "Concert Etude for Pedals"; the last composition contains a great deal of very elaborate pedal work.

* * *

This department is sorry not to have seen more school debating in this past school year. Admittedly there has not been a surplus of time, but debating has always been of a very high standard at St. Andrew's and it seems a pity to have dropped the custom. We hope that debating will be revived in the very near future.

* * *

On the evening of Saturday, June 5th, Mr. Ouchterlony gave his final recital of the school year. The programme was made up of requests and included such works as Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat", a repeat performance of Rachmaninoff's "Italian Polka" and one of the Strauss' Waltzes.

* * *

The School's interest in music is shown in the frequent requests made for Music that they wish to hear. This has been greatly appreciated and it is hoped that it will continue in the future.

THE SCHOOL PLAYS

On Friday and Saturday, February 19th and 20th, the Upper school presented two plays in the little theatre. The first of these was a one-act college comedy, "Gassed." F. S. Grant as "Lady," C. C. Crombie as "Biss," J. H. Knowles as "Puck," and J. H. Park as "Dud" gave good performances. Grant was especially good as the more lovesick of the rival suitors. J. F. Hepburn, as the freshman, was quite good; but the surprising ending of the play, for which he was responsible, lost much of its effect by being rather drawn-out. Parts in this play were eagerly sought after, as all of them involved a good deal of smoking. One wonders where the actors learned to do this so expertly, but the equipment for rehearsals was rationed.

The scene of the play was a college living-room. This set was excellent, as many properties, coming from the rooms of the boys in the school, made it the more realistic. (Whom did that Branksome Hall pennant belong to?)

Much credit is due to Mrs. Bricknell, who directed and produced the play.

Credit is also due to the stage crew, D. K. Cameron, K. G. Cameron, T. M. Adamson, and W. H. Hendrie. After "Gassed," they changed the scenes in a very short time, considering the amount it was necessary to move.

"CURSE YOU, JACK DALTON"

THE play "Curse You, Jack Dalton", is a presentation of old-fashioned melodrama in its most effective character. The characters of the play, of course, are intentionally satires upon those stock characters of the late Victorian drama, for comedy and satire go hand in hand to produce a predominant tone of humour.

The atmosphere of the play, too, was enhanced by dialogue and setting and a somewhat antiquated manner of speech.

As the villain, Egbert Van Horne, Kennedy did remarkably well. No one could have been more suited to such a part, and with his wig and moustaches, suave manner and distinguished acting, Kennedy left us momentarily in doubt as to the real identity of his true character. Eddis presented some very praiseworthy acting in the person of Mrs. Dalton; his speech and mannerisms blended perfectly with the character portrayed. J. Garratt as the hero, Jack Dalton, also did well. The romantic interest was supplied by Rapmund as the maid Bertha, and that of rivalry by Jones

as Anna Alvarado, a snobbish social climber. It would not be fitting to close a commentary without mention of Brown who played Eloise Dalton, and Bradley as Bertha's brother, who provided the dénouement and the downfall of the villain. Outstanding scenes of the play were those between Van Horne and Jack Dalton, and between Jack Dalton and Bertha. The scenery was extremely well done, and added greatly to the effectiveness of the play. The play as a whole was well-balanced, and the satire and element of comedy well sustained throughout. Mrs. Garrett deserves a good deal of credit for her efforts in the directing and casting of the play.

THE LIBRARY

At the beginning of the winter term W. Clarkson resigned his position as head librarian; in his place J. K. Temby was appointed by Mr. Garrett.

A large number of modern biographies, autobiographies, and novels were presented to the school by the Ladies' Guild. This presentation resulted in much increased interest of the boys in the library. Our appreciation and thanks goes out to the Ladies' Guild for their consideration and accommodating set of books.

Appreciation is also extended to those who contributed various periodicals through the school year.

We must congratulate J. K. Temby and his staff of librarians for the efficiency in their work of looking after the library, and for the spirit in which it was carried out.

THE CARNEGIE MUSIC AWARD

St. Andrew's was extremely honoured this year in being presented the Carnegie Foundation Award in music. The Carnegie Award is a prize of high distinction awarded to active music departments of high standing in various institutions of learning throughout the world.

Conditions necessary to qualify for the Carnegie Prize require that the master in charge of the Music department be actively engaged in music and concert recitals and that he gives private tuition in music to not less than five per cent of the institution. Mr. David Ouchterlony in charge of the St. Andrew's Music Department is not only organist at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, but also gives private lessons in music to twenty per cent of the boys at St. Andrew's. It is also necessary that music appreciation be taught as a classified subject of the school curriculum and that programmes be performed by the whole school. The singing in the School Chapel has always been highly commended by visitors and the Carol Service broadcast over CFRB received much praise from friends and listeners. Apart from Chapel work, Mr. Ouchterlony has arranged and presented to the school a series of piano and organ recitals.

The minimum value of the prize as priced before the war was two thousand five hundred dollars, however, through the goodwill of the Carnegie Trust and certain of the school's friends the award was received by St. Andrew's without charge.

The Carnegie gift to St. Andrew's includes the following:

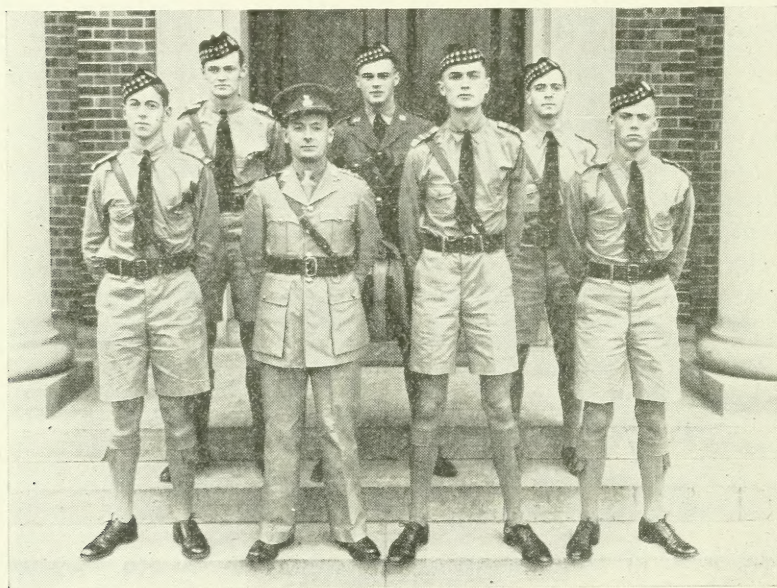
1. A Magnavox Box Radio-phonograph combination for use in small rooms and auditoriums.
2. 648 records with albums. Many of these records are unpurchasable now because they are of European manufacture. The collection includes the best known works in every branch of music (orchestra, opera, oratorio, every solo instrument and usual combinations, band, organ, Gilbert and Sullivan, folk songs, ancient instruments, etc.)
3. A walnut cabinet with 54 albums in which to keep the records.
4. A four-drawer cabinet containing printed card indexes of all the records in the set, classified by composer, title, medium and form.
5. Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, which is the most widely used musical reference set at the present time.

It is hoped that the Carnegie Award will provide great stimulus to the study and appreciation of music at St. Andrew's College.

St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps

Another year of Cadet Corps activity has passed away behind us. All of us may look back and reflect with pride on the splendid achievements accomplished this year. Without doubt no year has seen such progress in one phase of school life.

It was decided at the beginning of the Spring term to let the Cadet Corps play the predominant part in the term's activities. It was felt that the term was too short for a serious attempt at athletics and also that in view of the



CADET CORPS OFFICERS

1st Row—W. M. E. Clarkson, Lieut. J. L. Wright, E. H. Crawford (Cadet Major),
J. M. Lowndes.
2nd Row—W. B. Lappin, W. A. McKenzie, D. G. Cameron.

present conflict, it is very important to provide each boy with a more extensive military education. So, every day of the week before chapel, in the afternoon, and occasionally after supper, the cadets drilled. Three afternoons a week for two hours a special group of Officers and N.C.O.'s went to Newmarket Basic Training Centre for extra training in modern warfare. The school is greatly indebted to Major Young, O.D., O.C. of the Camp, through whose co-operation we were able to attend lectures there.

Behind the whole Cadet program, as in any such scheme, a very efficient and capable organizer was at work. This man was Cadet Instructor

Lieutenant J. L. Wright. Throughout the year Lt. Wright has been the driving force behind the work of the Corps, especially in these last few weeks. It was only his enthusiasm and vigour that kept the cadets interested in their work. Enough praise cannot be given to Lt. Wright for his excellent work in the making of the Cadet Corps.

This year a very good example of co-operation was shown. Such an inspection that was put on could never have been produced without the co-operation that existed between the Instructor, Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Cadets. All worked together to attain the object of being the most efficient Corps.

The size of the Corps has increased considerably this last term. The enrolment is now 125 cadets. Many of these never had had any training before, and it was only because of the tireless efforts of the platoon commanders, Cadet Lieuts. Lappin, Cameron and Clarkson, that finally the Corps was so efficient. As usual in the Spring, the Corps changed from the scarlet tunic and kilt into the more practical khaki uniform of shorts, socks, shirt and tie.

Special praise must go to Cadet Major Crawford for his splendid work in commanding the Corps, and also to Cadet Captain Lowndes who worked hard and well as 2nd in command.

THE CADET CORPS INSPECTION

"Sometimes I have to make critical remarks, but this is the best demonstration I have ever seen in my life by any Cadet Corps!" Lieut. Col. K. M. Holloway made this astounding statement to the Cadet Corps when it was assembled on the quad, and undoubtedly his words were sincere.

This year a further expansion of last year's work was achieved, and after much effort, an ambitious program was carried out. Owing to the inclement weather, the field was in the very worst condition for marching, but fortunately the rain held off for the afternoon.

After the reception of the inspecting officers, Lt.-Col. Holloway, G.S.O., took the salute, and then proceeded to inspect the Corps, stopping to talk with many of the cadets. The salute at the March Past and the General Salute was taken by Lt.-Col. Seagram.

After the ceremonial drill had been efficiently carried through, the company was drilled by Cadet Major Crawford, which was followed by individual platoon drill under the platoon commanders. The platoons were judged by Major Young, Capt. Rolph, and Capt. Hart.

Section Leading by Whistle Signal was then demonstrated with Cadet Major Crawford commanding the company.

A special feature of Bren Gun drill was ably performed by three selected gun teams. This was followed by demonstrations and lectures by different cadets on the Bren Gun, Anti-Tank Rifle, Sten Gun, Rifle, Grenade, Respirator, and Revolver. The Inspecting Party paid a visit to each demonstration and showed a keen interest in them.

Then a performance by the ski platoon, equipped with white parkas and skis, which is the first of its kind to be formed in any Cadet Corps in Canada, showed another activity of the Corps.

A display by the precision squad contrasted correct and incorrect methods of drill movements, with and without arms, under the command of Cadet Captain Lowndes. Also this squad demonstrated respirator drill on the march and field signals.

As the main feature, a manoeuvre by the assault squad was demonstrated, in which the force, after swinging across a stream, advanced through barbed wire and protected by a smoke screen, to capture an enemy pillbox. Then the squad proceeded through obstacles and concluded the course with an excellent display of bayonet fighting. During this the Junior Cadets performed signalling and first aid.

As a fitting finale the pipe band, under Cadet Lieut. Mackenzie played selections while performing a display, which was heartily applauded by the visitors.

When the Corps was assembled on the quad Lt.-Col. Holloway made

his short speech in which he sincerely praised the Corps and its magnificent work. Group Captain O'Brian, recently returned from overseas, presented the prizes. The Ellsworth Cup, awarded to the best platoon, went to No. 2 under Cadet Lieut. Cameron, which has worked very hard. Cadet Franceschini won the J. L. Wright Cup for the best cadet. Badges were presented to the ski platoon and the five best rifle shots in the corps.

The inspecting party was composed of Lt.-Col. K. M. Holloway, Lt.-Col. J. E. F. Seagram, Major N. M. Young, and Capt. G. G. Rolph. Also present were Capt. W. B. Cooper, Lieut. J. Payne and C.S.M. R. J. Mawson.

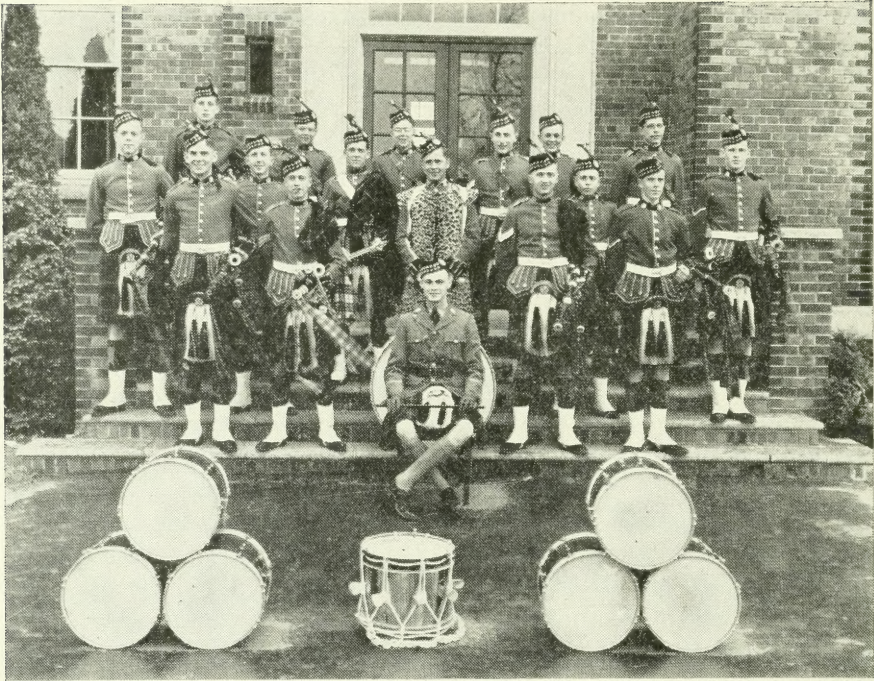
THE NEWMARKET SQUAD

The officers and N.C.O.'s of St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps were fortunate enough again this year in being able to go to Newmarket Basic Training Camp and receive first-class instruction in weapons, chemical warfare, and arms drill. It was arranged, through the kindness of Major Young, O.C. of the camp, that about 25 boys should attend special classes from 3.15 to 5.30 on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Usually this time was divided up between arms drill, weapons training, and chemical warfare.

The squad was given some rather necessary drill with and without rifles, and learned a great deal under the direction of Co'y Sergeant-Major Mawson about the Lee-Enfield rifle in the service to-day, the Sten machine carbine, the anti-tank rifle, and especially the Bren L.M.G. which was dealt with thoroughly; three Bren gun teams were picked and trained to give their competitive demonstration at the Cadet Inspection on May 26th. The squad was also taught the fundamentals of bayonet fighting by R. S. M. Farrow.

The other branch of the training, namely chemical warfare, was perhaps not treated as fully as the weapons training, but after a few lessons Lieut. White, who returned recently from service in England, put the squad through the gas chamber and gave them an eyefull of C.A.P. tear gas. With respirators on the squad exercised for a few minutes to convince them that a respirator is no real impediment to movement; then the "all clear" was given and respirators were taken off, and after walking around the chamber for about a minute the boys made their exit and were now convinced that the respirator is one's best friend.

Our Officers and N.C.O.'s are extremely fortunate in receiving such indispensable training, and fully appreciate its value. To many of the squad who are entering the forces in the near future, that training will surely put them a step before everybody else. For their patience and co-operation the Officers and N.C.O.'s wish to extend sincere gratitude to the Newmarket instructors who have given their time so freely to our education and training.



BAND

Leader—W. A. McKenzie.

1st Row—A. I. Macrae, J. B. McLeod, R. A. Briden, J. W. Kennedy, W. A. Beverly.

2nd Row—M. C. Dobbin, J. V. Horwood, D. R. P. Sumner, R. W. T. Opie,
T. B. Chipman, F. M. Hall.

3rd Row—W. Errington, D. S. Barclay, J. D. J. Murrell, P. C. Garratt.

THE BAND AT THE 48th HIGHLANDERS' CARNIVAL

On the evening of May 15th, the 48th Canadian Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E. held a carnival in Maple Leaf Gardens for the benefit of officers and men of the 48th serving overseas.

To this event the convener, Mrs. J. E. Ganong, Jr., invited the St. Andrew's Cadet Corps band. The band in presenting a musical parade displayed considerable uniformity and skill in the execution of an intricate criss-cross manoeuvre.

Compliments upon the pipe music, the drum marches, and the good standard of marching were paid Lieutenant W. A. Mackenzie, O.C. of the band, by various army officers present at the carnival. Such an outstanding performance, as it was termed by many of the six thousand spectators, reflects much credit upon the hard work, patience, and ability of Lieutenant Mackenzie, and on the earnest endeavours of N.C.O.'s and cadets in the band.

We would like to thank Mr. Thiele for his generous gift of a bass drum to the Cadet Corps Pipe Band. This is very much appreciated by the whole school.

THE SKI PLATOON

On March 2nd, when the white army parkas finally arrived, about thirty eager volunteers formed the S.A.C. ski platoon, and under the leadership of Captain Lowndes this body of skiers was turned into a speedy, efficient, and well disciplined platoon, with a keen spirit behind it that promises an even better group next year. On the afternoon following, the newly-formed platoon experienced its first cross-country traverse when it went up to Newmarket and back, a distance of about ten miles in two hours and thirty minutes, thus qualifying for the Canadian Army ski troops. On the way, camouflage exercises such as "anti-aircraft" were carried out frequently.

The veritable test of endurance, stamina and spirit came when, on Sunday, March 7th,—only four days following its formation,—the Ski Platoon left the College at 10 a.m. in a minor blizzard and returned at approximately 7.30 p.m., having covered the distance of twenty-seven miles across country to Bradford and return, and taking there an hour and a half's rest for lunch. Numerous delays and mishaps impeded progress from the start, but it is no usual feat to ski twenty-seven miles in an afternoon. The march across the barren Holland Marsh was perhaps the worst experience of the trip; there was practically no snow, but glassy ice, scraggs, ruts, and deep furrows everywhere, and in addition a howling head wind. Naturally, everyone was wearied after such a trip, but it is really surprising how fast one moves when the goal is at last in sight. Captain Lowndes is indeed worthy of praise for his excellent leadership and accurate navigation, and everyone had great confidence in him.

After a little practice the skiers learned to keep in straight lines, skis two feet apart on the level and slightly more on slopes; also, the drill with skis was soon executed with precision. No less than twenty-six boys qualified to bear on their uniforms the crossed skis, insignia of the ski platoon.

SHOOTING

This year shooting was compulsory for all members of the Cadet Corps, and thanks to the organization by Mr. Colclough and Mr. Wright every boy shot a minimum of thirty rounds before the Inspection on May 26th. Five boys qualified for the coveted cross rifles—for an average score over 90—and Robertson, Lappin, Hirsch, Livingston and Horwood were presented with their badges on the day of the Inspection.

As armourer Hirsch managed the rifle range and kept the strict discipline which is absolutely necessary to the success of such a range.

The competition for the Strathcona Medal was held a few days before the Inspection. Many good targets were entered for the prize, but only those who had previously shot 90 or better were eligible; on the whole, last year's scores were bettered, and J. F. Robertson won the medal with a score of 94, with Horwood and Livingston following closely on his heels.

THE CADET CORPS DANCE

This year on the twelfth of March the School Cadet Corps held its annual dance at the Granite Club in Toronto. Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Major E. Crawford, and Lieutenant W. Mackenzie. Among the guests were officers from Upper Canada College Cadet Corps in their blue uniforms, several old boys in khaki or blue, who with the cadets from St. Andrew's in bright scarlet tunics made a pleasant and colourful company.

The innovations and improvement of style in the school's dancing may well be attributed to Bob Shuttleworth and his orchestra who provided excellent music for the occasion. A novelty number, "Move it Over", sung by Mrs. R. Shuttleworth and accompanied by her husband's orchestra was much enjoyed and is frequently to be heard in the corridors of St. Andrew's.

Supper was served in the dining room after which Major E. Crawford presented Mrs. Garrett with a bouquet of flowers.

The officers, N.C.O.'s and cadets of St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps join together in expressing their appreciation and thanks to Mr. P. C. Garratt through whose efforts the management of the Granite Club made the club available for our use.

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

Major E. H. Crawford

Captain J. M. Lowndes, 2 i/c

Band	No. 1 Platoon	No. 2 Platoon	No. 3 Platoon
Lieut. W. L. Mackenzie	W. B. Lappin	D. G. Cameron	W. M. E. Clarkson
Sgt. J. B. McLeod (Pipes)	F. H. Phippen	R. M. Lightbourn	J. Errington
D. Sumner (Drums)	W. H. Hendrie	G. L. Rapmund	J. A. Garratt
Corp. J. W. Kennedy (Pipes)	W. G. Lowry	C. B. Pollock	F. S. Grant
R. W. Opie (Drums)	J. B. Wynne	J. H. Knowles	J. Taylor
L/C. F. M. Hall	W. P. Shaw	E. R. Chamandy	D. Nash
W. A. Beverly	J. H. Park	D. S. Fletcher	D. Snell
	D. A. Straith	R. K. Jones	R. K. Jackson

C.Q.M.S.: T. M. Adamson

C.S.M.: J. K. Temby

C.Q.M.Cpl.: J. B. Robertson

Armourer: C. A. Hirsch

Cadet Instructor: Lieutenant J. L. Wright, C.S. of C.

The Corps appreciates and thanks the following masters who lectured on various Defence Training Subjects during the winter months: Mr. Tudball, Mr. Lane, Mr. Bricknell, Mr. Colclough.

EDITORIAL

LOOKING back over the sporting activities of St. Andrew's during the past year, one has to admit that the College rather slipped into the background on the competitive side of athletics. At the beginning of the year, the rugby team failed, through no particular fault of the members of the team or of the coach, to compete successfully against other schools. So intensive was the rugby programme during the fall, that it seemed, not only to be detrimental to the team's playing ability but also to its standard of academics.

During the winter term, the hockey team, coached by Mr. Harry Watson, an old Andrean, opened a series of games with Pickering College which they won, two games to one. The team, however, was unfortunately beset by bad playing conditions which were due to unreliable weather.

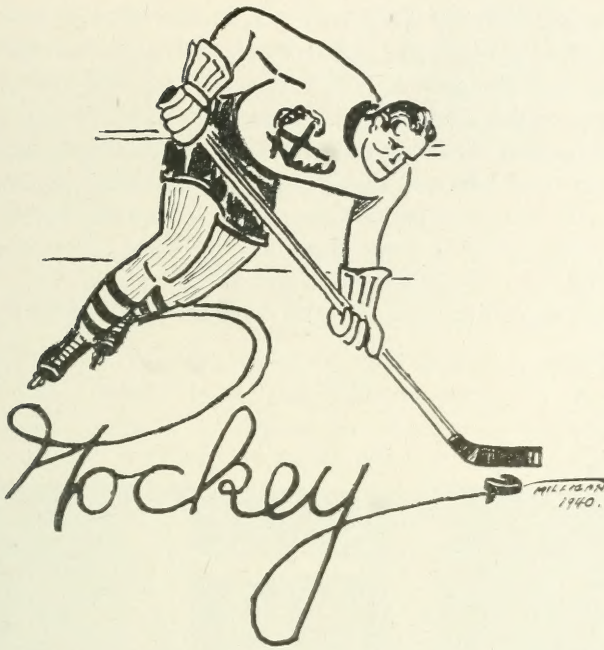
The basketball team started off their season with a bang by managing, in a pre-season with only half their team, to beat Pickering College. The College, however, evened the score by beating us in the next two games. In the prep league, S.A.C. tied for second place with U.T.S.

Cricket this year was put on a compulsory basis for two days a week. The weather, however, made it impossible for cricket to be played more than two or three times throughout the whole season.

Owing to weather conditions, the track and field programme was not completed at the time of going to press.

THE SENIOR SKI RACE

On Saturday, January 30th, the annual senior ski race took place. Some recent snow falls made the track quite fast, and the times were good. The Rowell trophy, awarded to the best skier by time order, went to J. Errington, with a time of 45 minutes 45 seconds. Following him were Lightbourne, Lowndes, Nash and Beverly. The Snively Cup, awarded to the skier with the greatest number of points after his finish points have been altered by a handicap according to age, was also won by J. Errington. Following him in the Snively point order were Lowndes, Lightbourn and Beverly (tied), F. McKenzie II and Nash (also tied).



S.A.C. vs. PICKERING

On Saturday, January 23rd, the St. Andrew's First team played its first game, against Pickering College, at Aurora. The play was very even for the first two periods; in the first, Kennedy scored a goal for S.A.C., and the period ended with the score one all. In the second period, Lang, of Pickering, scored; but goals by Kennedy and P. Garratt brought S.A.C. again into the lead. However, Pickering tied the score before the period ended. In the third period Pickering had the upper hand, Lang scoring two of their five goals. The final score was 8-3 for Pickering.

PICKERING AT NEWMARKET

On January 27th, the First team played its return game with Pickering. Once again the teams were evenly matched. Scorers for the Saints in the first two periods were P. C. Garratt with two goals, Wynne, R. B. M. Brown, and J. A. Garratt with one each. Pickering tied these to make the score four all. Playing magnificently, Kennedy clinched the game for S.A.C. with a last-minute goal. The final score was 6-5 for S.A.C.

PICKERING AT NEWMARKET

On February 17th, the First team played their best game of the season defeating Pickering 7-5. The game was played on fast ice, and the hockey was first-class on the part of both teams. In the first period the Saints scored heavily with goals by P. C. Garratt, R. B. M. Brown and Wynne. In the second period Pickering reduced S.A.C.'s lead with goals by Lambert and Lang, however McLeod and P. C. Garratt put the Saints well in the lead again. In the third period after S.A.C.'s captain, R. B. M. Brown, scored his second goal, the game began to lag. Then Lambert again scored for Pickering. In retaliation Clarkson scored for S.A.C.; then Lang brought Pickering's total up to 5 with two goals. The final score was 7-5 for Pickering.



FIRST TEAM HOCKEY

1st Row—R. A. F. Montgomery, J. B. McLeod, J. A. Garratt, R. M. B. Brown,
P. C. Garratt, J. W. Kennedy, J. W. Taylor.
2nd Row—H. G. Donoghue, W. M. E. Clarkson, C. B. Pollock, J. B. Wynne.
3rd Row—J. C. Garrett, Esq., W. Errington, J. H. Knowles.

LAKEFIELD IN TORONTO

On Monday, February 22nd, the First team lost to Lakefield. In the first period the play was very even and no goals were scored; perhaps S.A.C. had a slight lead, but the players felt out of place in Ravina Gardens. In the second period Giroux scored two goals for Lakefield while J. A. Garratt scored one for S.A.C. In the third period Giroux, Stevens and Dickson scored for Lakefield, and then McLeod for S.A.C. The final score was 5-2 for Lakefield.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C. AT VARSITY ARENA

On March 3rd S.A.C. met U.C.C.'s First team. In the first period Halenby of U.C.C. scored twice, and Williams once. R. B. M. Brown scored for S.A.C. towards the end of the period. In the second period Smythe scored once, and Bremmer twice for U.C.C. In return McLeod and J. A. Garratt scored for St. Andrew's. In the third period Halenby and Black scored for U.C.C., R. B. M. Brown scored his second goal for the Saints. The final score was 8-4 for U.C.C.

	<i>Goals</i>	<i>Assists</i>
R. B. M. Brown.....	5	2
J. A. Garratt.....	5	2
P. C. Garratt.....	5	2
J. B. McLeod.....	3	0
J. W. Kennedy.....	3	0
W. M. E. Clarkson.....	1	1
J. B. Wynne.....	2	0
W. Errington.....	1	0
J. M. Lowndes.....	0	1

AURORA HIGH SCHOOL AT AURORA

The day after the second Pickering game, the First team played Aurora High School. St. Andrew's took the initiative and held it throughout the game. In the first period, however, Aurora scored twice on breakaways by Trife and Richards, while P. C. Garratt scored a single for S.A.C. In the second period J. A. Garratt scored the second goal for the Saints tying the score two all. The score remained tied until near the end of the third period when W. Errington broke through Aurora's defence unassisted and scored the third goal for S.A.C., the final score being 3-2 for St. Andrew's.

T.C.S. AT VARSITY

On Wednesday, February 3rd, the Saints played T.C.S. Firsts at Varsity Arena in Toronto. At the start of the game the chances of an S.A.C. victory looked favourable. But after eight minutes of pressure by S.A.C., Short broke away and scored for T.C.S., followed by three more scores for Trinity, one by Huicke I, two by Huicke II. St. Andrew's kept the Port Hope team in check in the second period, except for a single goal by Goodall from Campbell. In the last period a goal by Campbell and another by Huicke II brought the score to 7-0 for T.C.S. In S.A.C.'s favour is the fact that four of the Saint's shots should have gone in.



SECOND TEAM HOCKEY

1st Row—T. W. Sainthill, C. W. McCauley, L. J. Errington, H. A. Irving,
J. Franceschini.
2nd Row—L. S. O'Brien, R. A. Briden, F. A. McKenzie, C. E. Medland.
3rd Row—T. A. Hendry, F. M. Hall, P. C. Garratt.

SECOND TEAM HOCKEY

The Second Hockey Team was extremely successful this year. It managed to win all its games by considerable margins. The loss of their Goalie, Montgomery, halfway through the season was an unfortunate one; however, in spite of this, the team outclassed all its opponents. This is an encouraging record, for it seems obvious that time and attention given to the Second Hockey Team, will ensure a successful First Team in the future.

Basketball

Owing to the fact that a coach was not available this year, the basketball team coached itself. Out of four games played with Aurora High School, S.A.C. won three and lost one.

In the Prep League, Pickering College finished first, with U.T.S. and the Saints tied for second place. The Saint's best win of the season was that against U.T.S. at Aurora. The game was exceedingly close with U.T.S. leading at the end of the first half by 19-16. In the second half, however, the Saints pulled up to win a hard game by 40-35.

Jackson led the scoring for the whole season with 72 pts., fairly closely followed by Lowry with 58 pts.

GAMES

S.A.C. vs. A.H.S.	—Won 40-18
S.A.C. vs. P.C. (exhibition)	—Won 36-33
S.A.C. vs. A.H.S.	—Lost 15-19
S.A.C. vs. P.C.	—Lost 22-35
S.A.C. vs. A.H.S.	—Won 41-14
S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.	—Won 40-35
S.A.C. vs. P.C.	—Lost 31-43
S.A.C. vs. Forest Hill	—Lost 25-58
S.A.C. vs. A.H.S.	—Won 48-23
S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.	—Lost 26-41

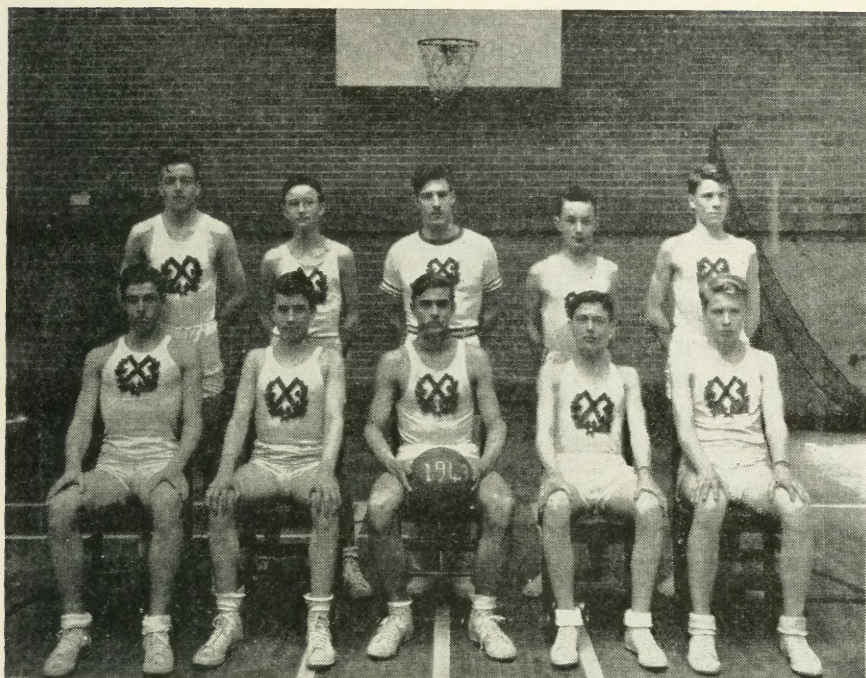
(Won 5—Lost 5)

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

A second Basketball Team came into existence this year. It was entered in the North York League with Pickering College, Richmond Hill and Aurora. Coached by Mr. Thiele, the team did very well and finished the season in second place.

**FIRST TEAM BASKETBALL**

1st Row—J. M. Lowndes, J. Franceschini, W. G. Lowry, W. A. McKenzie,
D. M. Straith, T. M. Adamson, W. B. Lappin.
2nd Row—W. H. Hendrie, J. H. Park, N. E. Lane, Esq., H. A. Irving,
G. M. Livingstone, G. R. Jackson.

**SECOND TEAM BASKETBALL**

1st Row—J. P. Edward, H. B. Shepard, D. B. Pratt, C. A. Hirsch, F. S. Milligan.
2nd Row—C. Crombie, G. Rapmund, N. E. Lane, Esq., G. C. Price, W. A. Beverly.

Swimming

The swimming team was the most successful first team of the year and indeed for some years past. It won both meets in which it was entered, one being the Little Big Four meet at Hart House in Toronto.

Great credit is due to the team for the splendid performances they gave, and especially to Dave Sumner and Jim Robertson, the manager and coach respectively, for the extremely hard work that they put into the building of the team.

A special vote of thanks should go to Mr. H. G. Griffiths, former Athletic Director of this school, now with the U. of T., for his kind co-operation in the arrangement of the meet.

Roberston of S.A.C. was the outstanding swimmer of the day. He broke the school record for the 200 yds. free and 100 yds. free style.

200 Yards Free.....Time—2.28.3; 1, S.A.C. (Robertson); 2, S.A.C.; 3, B.R.C.
 50 Yards Free.....Time—27.0; 1, U.C.C. (Phillipps); 2, S.A.C.; 3, T.C.S.
 50 Yards Breast.....Time—34.2; 1, U.C.C. (Bogart); 2, U.C.C.; 3, S.A.C.
 100 Yards Free Style..Time—1.1.4; 1, S.A.C. (Robertson); 2, S.A.C.; 3, U.C.C.
 Medley Relay.....Time——— 1, U.C.C.; 2, T.C.S.; 3, B.R.C.
 50 Yards Back.....Time—33.2; 1, B.R.C. (Powell); 2, B.R.C.; 3, U.C.C.
 200 Yards Free Style Relay: 1, S.A.C.; 2, U.C.C.
 Diving..... 1, S.A.C. (Opie); 2, B.R.C.; 3, B.R.C.

FINAL SCORE: S.A.C.	U.C.C.	B.R.C.	T.C.S.
54	44½	35½	18



SWIMMING

1st Row—R. M. Lightbourn, J. M. Lowndes, J. B. Robertson, R. W. T. Opie, W. G. Lowry.
 2nd Row—D. R. P. Sumner, J. D. Malcolmson, L. J. Errington, N. E. Lane, Esq.

Gym

After being omitted from the athletic program for a considerable time, Gymnastics were taught again this year under the competent direction of Mr. Lane. The team, captained by Errington I, worked hard all through the winter, and towards the end of the Easter term gave an exhibition on the High Bar, Parallel Bars, Box Horse and Mats. It is hoped that Gymnastics will play a greater role in the athletic program of the school in future years, and the team will again enter into competition.

Box Horse—1st.....Errington I
 Mats—1st.....Straith I
 Parallel Bars—1st.....Errington I
 High Bar—1st.....Errington I

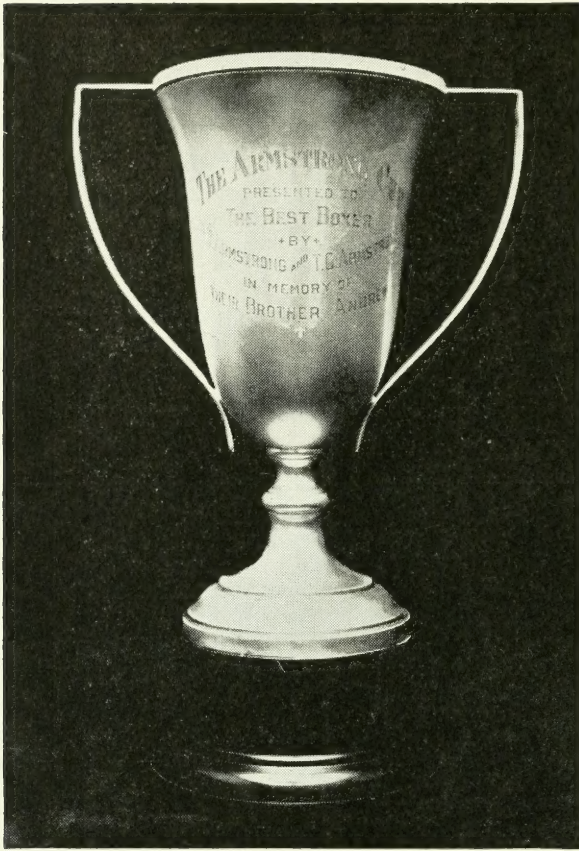


GYM TEAM

1st Row—D. B. Munro.

2nd Row—W. A. Lindsay, G. C. Price, N. E. Lane, Esq., L. J. Errington,
 D. A. Straith, W. A. Beverly, F. Aspinall.

3rd Row—J. W. Saylor, J. P. Edward, R. M. Lightbourn, M. C. Dobbin,
 J. D. Malcolmson, J. D. Bradley.



THE ARMSTRONG CUP

The Assault-at-Arms

Boxing carried on as usual this year. Much enthusiasm and determination was shown on the part of many participants. Many of the decisions were given only after extra rounds. Displaying particular keenness were R. B. M. Brown, Phippen, Sainthill and Pratt. On the whole, boxing was up to standard, but some of the fights were not evenly matched, and in a few cases the boxing was not taken seriously enough by the fighters. Every year the Armstrong Cup, in memory of one of our old boys who was a notable boxer here, is awarded to the boy who shows the most enthusiasm and ability in any class. This year the cup was awarded to D. Pratt, champion of the 158 lb. Jr. class.

St. Andrew's Annual Boxing Competition

75 lbs. JUNIOR

Christopherson II	Sanderson	McDonald	Christopherson I
Sanderson			
McDonald	McDonald		
Taylor II			
Christopherson I	Christopherson I	Christopherson I	
Magladery			

75 lbs. SENIOR

Bain	Bain	Bain	Bain
Fair			
Ballentine	Ballentine	Coultas	
Malcolmson II			

85 lbs. JUNIOR

Goldsmith	Goldsmith	Worling II	
Trent II			
Worling II	Worling II		
Munro			

85 lbs. SENIOR

Bell II	Bell II	Bell II	
Campbell			
McLaughlin	Perlman		
Perlman			

95 lbs. SENIOR

McColl	Lewis		
Lewis			
Opie II			McGregor
Sedgwick			
McGregor	McGregor		
Ingram			

105 lbs. JUNIOR

Blomfield Michelsen	Blomfield		
Fletcher II Worling I	Worling I	Martin I	
Crowe Martin I	Martin I		Martin I
Fuller Martin II	Martin II	Martin II	

115 lbs. JUNIOR

Munn Marsden	Marsden		
Shaw II Cobban	Shaw II	Shaw II	
Feith Purdy	Feith		

115 lbs. SENIOR

Barclay II McCauley	McCauley	McCauley	McCauley
Rapmund Bell I	Rapmund	Rapmund	
McKenzie II			

125 lbs. JUNIOR

Lindsay Davis II Crombie II King Hutton	Davis II Hutton	Davis II Price	Davis II
Price Hirsch			

125 lbs. SENIOR

Barclay I Little Clark Chipman	Little Chipman	Howson	Howson
Howson Schofield Irving	Howson	Irving	

135 lbs. JUNIOR

Nold			
Murrell			
Montgomery	Murrell	Murrell	Horwood
Hendrie III			
Brown II	Hendrie III	Horwood	
Ware			
Horwood	Horwood		

135 lbs. SENIOR

Atkinson			
Hirsch			
Hepburn			
Milligan	Hepburn	Hepburn	
Leishman			
Medland	Medland		

145 lbs. JUNIOR and SENIOR

Adamson			
Sainthill	Sainthill	Sainthill	
Garratt II			
Donoghue	Donoghue		Sainthill
Grant			
Taylor I	Grant	Grant	
Roberts			
Livingston	Livingston		

158 lbs. Junior

Pratt			
Knox	Pratt	Pratt	
Ritchie			
Stephenson	Ritchie	Shaw I	Pratt
Shaw I			
Robinson	Shaw I		

158 lbs. SENIOR

Bradley				
Knowles		Knowles		Kennedy
Kennedy				
Park		Kennedy		Jones
Jones				
Nicholls		Jones		Jones

OPEN

Brown I		Brown I		
Garratt I				Brown I
Rawson		Garratt I		
Phippen				Brown I
White		Phippen		
Straith I				Phippen
Hendry II		Straith I		



CRICKET TEAM

1st Row—G. Rapmund, D. I. Snell, W. M. E. Clarkson, R. W. T. Opie, J. W. Taylor,
C. B. Pollock.
2nd Row—R. A. Briden, L. S. O'Brian, H. Davis, Esq., L. J. Errington,
W. Errington.
3rd Row—J. C. Garrett, Esq., E. H. Crawford, C. W. Eddis.

At the meeting of the Colour Committee the following colours were awarded:

1st Team Hockey Colours

Brown I (Capt.)
Garratt I
Garratt II
Montgomery

2nd Team Hockey Colours

Clarkson
Donoghue
Errington II
Kennedy
McLeod
Pollock
Wynne

Swimming Colours

Lowndes
Lowry
Opie I

Robertson was awarded a second bar to his colours in view of his outstanding performance this year.

1st Team Basketball Colours

McKenzie I (Capt.)
Franceschini I
Jackson
Straith II
Park

Boxing Colours

Brown I (white bar)
Martin I (red bar)
Jones (red bar)
Pratt (red bar)
Sainthill (red bar)
Howson (red bar)

RESULTS OF THE ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD COMPETITIONS

SENIOR:	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Time</i>
1 Mile.....	Taylor I.....	Pratt.....	Garratt I.....	5-21.4
880 Yards.....	Taylor I.....	Kennedy.....	Garratt I.....	2-19.8
440 Yards.....	Taylor I.....	McLeod.....	Garratt I.....	60.0
220 Yards.....	McLeod.....	Taylor I.....	Garratt I.....	25.6
100 Yards.....	Garratt I.....	McLeod.....	Kennedy.....	10.8
120-yd. Hurdles.....	Jackson.....	Garratt I.....	Kennedy.....	20.6
Discus.....	Straith I.....	Jackson.....	Garratt I.....	82' 4"
Javelin.....	Straith II.....	Garratt I.....	Straith I.....	111' 7"
Shot Put.....	Garratt I.....	Straith II.....	Chamandy.....	31' 6"
Broad Jump.....	Jackson.....	Taylor I.....	Hall I.....	18' 2"
High Jump.....	White.....	Jackson.....	Garratt I.....	5' 4"
Pole Vault.....	Garratt I.....	Jackson.....	Lowry.....	

INTERMEDIATE:	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Time</i>
880 Yards.....	Opie I.....	Sainthill.....		
440 Yards.....	Sainthill.....	Errington I.....	Garratt II.....	
220 Yards.....	Sainthill.....	Lowndes.....	Errington I.....	25.8
100 Yards.....	Sainthill.....	Lowndes.....	Garratt II.....	10.7
120-yd. Hurdles.....	Sainthill.....	Lowndes.....	Howson.....	16.6
Discus.....	Errington I.....	Atkinson.....	Park.....	66'
Javelin.....	Briden.....	Sainthill.....	Park.....	106' 2"
Shot Put.....	Park.....	Lowndes.....	Errington I.....	31' 6"
Broad Jump.....	Sainthill.....	Lowndes.....	Errington I.....	19' 11"
High Jump.....	Malcolmson I.....	Lowndes.....	Errington I.....	
Pole Vault.....	Franceschini I.....	Errington I.....		8' 9"

JUNIOR:	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>	<i>Time</i>
220 Yards.....	Montgomery.....	Little.....	Nold.....	28.2
100 Yards.....	Montgomery.....	Little.....	Nold.....	11.7
120-yd. Hurdles.....	Montgomery.....	Munro.....	Little.....	19.8
Shot Put.....	Little.....	Montgomery.....	Irvine.....	31' 1.5"
Broad Jump.....	Montgomery.....	Hall II.....	Little.....	16' 5"
High Jump.....	Leishman.....	Montgomery.....	Schofield.....	
Pole Vault.....	Montgomery.....			6' 2"

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS:	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
Primary 50 Yards.....	Bain.....	McDonald.....	Malcolmson I.....
Primary Three-legged Race.....	Malcolmson.....	Magladery.....	Shenstone II.....
	McDonald.....	Taylor II.....	Ferguson.....
100 Yards under 13.....	Munro.....	McLaughlin.....	Franceschini II.....
Lower School Handicap.....	Rashleigh.....	Munro.....	Ferguson.....
Obstacle Race.....	Worling II.....	Munro.....	Opie II.....
Three-legged Race (open).....	Garratt.....	Medland.....	Heit.....
	Kennedy.....	McKenzie II.....	Crowe.....
Junior Consolation Race.....	Shenstone I.....	McGregor.....	Franceschini II.....
Sack Race.....	Medland.....	Howson.....	Schofield.....

TABLE OF POINTS

First —5 points

Second—3 “

Third —1 point

SENIOR	INTERMEDIATE	JUNIOR
Garratt I.....27	Sainthill.....31	Montgomery.....31
Taylor.....19	Lowndes.....18	Little.....13
Jackson.....21	Errington I.....15	Leishman.....5

Macdonald House

EDITORIAL

ONCE again Macdonald House can report an excellent year. Our boys in the Third Form have done very well in their work and the Lower School proper has had a very successful year's work. In games, in spite of the fact that none of our teams have been able to travel, we can report a good year. Rugby, soccer, hockey, cricket, and soft-ball have all been enthusiastically supported by their various devotees. Our enrolment has been the biggest we have had for many years and every dormitory has been open and almost filled to capacity. We are particularly proud of No. 2 Platoon in the Cadet Corps which won the Ellesworth Trophy and was largely composed of Macdonald House boys. Congratulations to Cadet-Lieut. Cameron, who is an ex-Macdonald House boy. We are also proud, justifiably we think, of our Macdonald House Night. The many visitors were very complimentary about the Plays and the Exhibits.

We are very sorry to have to say good-bye to Mr. Thiele at the end of the year. He has worked very hard for the rugby, basketball, Camera and Model Clubs and the Soft-ball League. We shall miss him very badly. We do wish him good luck at McMaster, where we are sure he will have every possible success.

Undoubtedly one of the outstanding achievements of the year was Munro's victory in the Macdonald House Cross-Country. Munro is only eleven and was competing with boys of fourteen. In games generally, Howson, Nold and Little have been our outstanding athletes. In dramatics we have to pick almost half a dozen boys who were especially good—Howson, Campbell, Fletcher II, McColl and Howland all did very creditable work.

* * *

This year the War Savings Stamp Drive has continued. On Saturdays, when pocket money is given out, many boys invest all of their weekly allowance, except perhaps for five cents which is saved for chapel collection. Many make use of the instalment plan which enables a boy to deposit five, ten or fifteen cents every week. At present our total for this year is \$260, which puts our grand total well over six hundred dollars.

In connection with this drive, Mr. Ives started a Victory Garden in 1942. Many boys helped and were paid off in War Savings Stamps. Marsden collected the highest wage, \$3.50 in stamps. The Victory Garden gave away many stamps as prizes for ping-pong competitions and as special prizes for the Cross-Country. 1943 has seen another garden started, but we still have to wait till the fall before any wages can be collected.

Since the Christmas edition of the REVIEW, the boys have been lucky enough to receive some unusual treats. One night, Mr. Chapman showed us his new movies of Camp Kagawong, most of which were in technicolour. The boys had great fun spotting campers whom they knew or who were at the School. Special show leave was granted for Noel Coward's production, "In Which We Serve," which played for a week at the local theatre. The casts of the two plays enjoyed Mr. Ives' annual wiener supper with coca-cola after the dress rehearsal of the plays. Dormitory 110 were very surprised at receiving special show leave to Aurora for being the tidiest dormitory in the House.

* * *

The Ski Race was held on March 8th. The snow was powdery and fast. Shaw won the Macdonald Cup with a time of thirty-four minutes eighteen seconds, which was more than four minutes over P. C. Garratt's record. Leishman and Nold were second and third. Worling II won the Lower Second-First Form prize. Twenty-five boys competed in the race, which probably constitutes a record entry list. However, we suspect that Munro and Trent II must have taken a picnic basket along with them, as they were seen to start but nobody witnessed their return.

One afternoon during the winter, Mr. Ives led an expedition to the University ski hills which are situated some three and a half miles to the north-west of the School. The weather and skiing conditions were perfect. The party consisted of Errington, Fuller, Campbell, Lewis, Fletcher II, Feith, and the three-some, Worling I, Worling II, and Munn, who had one pair of skis between them. On other half-holidays many skiers went about a mile north of the School to the hills just north of Mrs. Nichol's farm and there enjoyed some very good runs.

* * *

The Macdonald House library has had a very successful year. The librarians would like to thank the Ladies' Guild for their generous gift to the library. Through them the library now receives *Popular Mechanics*, *National Geographic*, and *Air Trails*. The librarians would also like to thank Cossitt for a number of new books, which have been immensely popular among Macdonald House boys. The greatest number of books were read by Davis II, Little and Trent I. It is difficult to say which authors were most popular, as a large and extremely varied number of books were taken out. Such authors as Westerman, Ballantyne and Brereton, which have been popular in past years, have been replaced in part by Henty, Sabatini, Appleton and Wodehouse. The librarians this year were Campbell, Fletcher and Howland.

Although no official Stamp Club has been active this term, many of the boys have been enthusiastically trading stamps. Most of the trading has been done by Marks, Opie II, Munro, McLaughlin, Ballantine, McGregor and Christopherson I. Marks and Munro have probably improved their collections the most by trading. On the night of the displays several sheets of stamps were exhibited but next year we hope to see a much larger and more extensive display.

* * *

The Primary Department has completed its second year. It has been a most successful one. The enrolment has doubled and the standards have been placed on a high level by Miss Foote. One had only to look about them at the display on Macdonald House Night to see and appreciate the work that is being done by this department. The three R's are being rigidly developed as well as the other primary subjects. The foundations laid here will stand by the boys throughout their life at the School and we take this opportunity of saying how pleased we are that Miss Foote is returning for another year. The School has decided that no new boys will be taken in grades I and II in future, thus allowing more supervision and time for grades III and IV.

The spring term was not a pleasant one for games. The continual showers that fell soaked the fields, and baseball, cricket and the other outdoor activities have been somewhat hampered. However, the gym, swimming pool, and various hobby rooms have been kept busy as a result. The boys who are to graduate from the "Infantry" will, I am sure, look back on their stay there with enthusiasm and continue to pass through the School, making stronger the friendships started there.

* * *

As part of the emphasis on Cadet Training at St. Andrew's certain boys of Macdonald House who are members of the Junior platoon were chosen to give a display of First Aid and Semaphore Signalling at our annual inspection. They did a good job and we would like to thank Mrs. Tudball and Dr. Rose for their valuable advice in First Aid procedure. We trust that the Lower School will play a greater part in the Cadet Corps next year.

* * *

The editors asked Howson to write something for us on the pigeons. The following is the result:

In last year's REVIEW there was an article on Macdonald House live-stock. This year the pigeon business has greatly advanced.

We have, at present, seventeen purebred birds. There is a family of Tumblers, but our flock is based upon Homers. Our two best birds are Blue Hen and Black Cookie.

Homers are very useful to the Armed Services, so by raising and giving our pigeons to the Army or Air Force we will, in a slight way, be aiding our country.

We keep the birds in two different coops. Four are in the small coop and thirteen in the larger. There have been four babies this month, and we are expecting eggs from two pairs in approximately a week. The birds get out to fly once a day, and they come in by means of a door which only opens the one way. Much is learned by keeping pigeons. The raising of young birds is especially interesting. Even over night there is a noticeable difference in the growth of a baby.

If you are in need of a grand, interesting hobby, I would suggest that you keep pigeons.

* * *

The editors have compiled the following list of sayings which are most frequently heard around the House:

"Very little for me, sir"

"Do I have to have some?"

"I can't find it"

"Somebody took it"

"Go and brush your hair"

"I don't know, sir"

"Do up your shoes"

"Sit up and take your arms off the table"

"Who cleans up this morning?"

"Who fed the rabbits today?"

"It's a gyp"

"You, Bat-witted nincompoop!" (Only heard in Third Form)

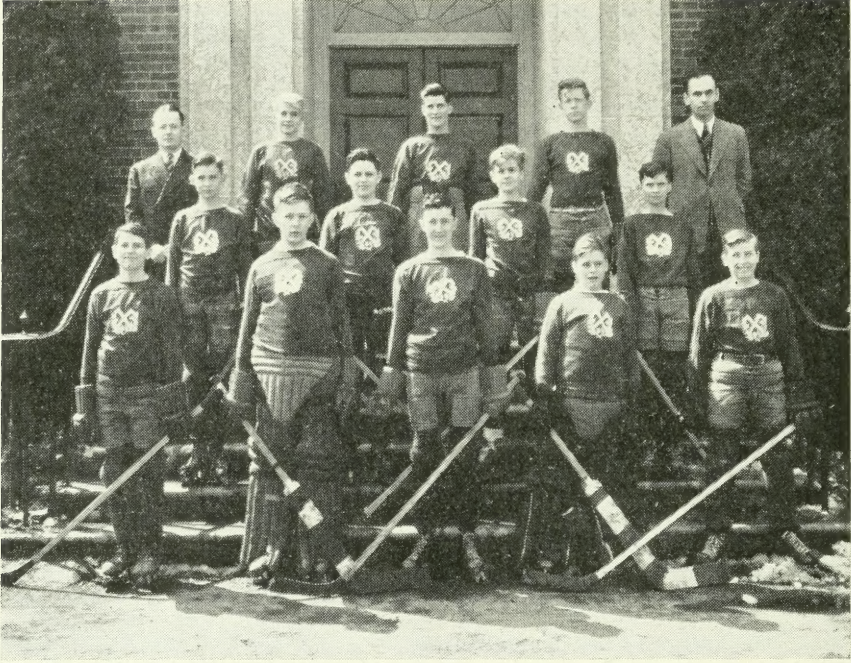
"Go and get the detention book"

"Who was talking in here?"

* * *

MACDONALD HOUSE HOCKEY

The hockey season this year was very good because the weather remained cold for almost two solid months. The outside rink was sometimes covered with snow, but there was always good ice underneath. We were lucky, too, in having the Aurora Rink for practices or games on the average of two or three times a week. The House was divided into three squads with about twenty boys in each squad.



LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY

1st Row—W. Errington, J. L. Howland, D. G. Davis, W. P. Lewis, J. L. Fuller.
 2nd Row—R. W. Worling, J. J. Nold, C. J. K. Crowe, P. B. Bell.
 3rd Row—J. L. Wright, Esq., I. D. F. Schofield, W. R. Howson, L. C. Heit,
 K. H. Ives, Esq.

Due to war-time conditions, it was decided that the first team should not travel away from the School as on former occasions. Consequently we missed our annual games with Trinity College School and Lakefield Preparatory School. It was very fortunate therefore that we were able to play four games with the Aurora Public School, two games with Pickering College and two with a Junior Aurora High School team. All these games, except one, were played at the Aurora Rink.

The Aurora Public School had a very good team which defeated us soundly each time. They completely out-skated and out-manoeuvered us, but we enjoyed the games and learnt a great deal from them. Each game we played with them showed a distinct improvement in our play, and we only wish we could have finished up by giving them a really close game. We would like to thank the Aurora team and their coach for these games. Against a Grade Eight team from Pickering College, the story was quite different. Our team was a little bigger and older and consequently had no difficulty in defeating the rather less experienced Pickering team. The

closest couple of games were against the Aurora High School Junior team. We won one game 5-3 and lost the other 2-1.

The captain of our team was Davis II. He played right wing on our first forward line. As the season progressed, he improved tremendously, getting more and more determination and speed. He has a very good, hard shot from the right wing. As captain, he failed perhaps to assert himself quite enough, and might have managed to talk up a little more team spirit for the Aurora Public School games. In goal, we had Howland. It seems almost unfair to criticize a player who accepts, and does his best in, such an unenviable position as goal in hockey. However, it must be admitted that on occasions Howland was a little slow, but no goal keeper could have been expected to stop the Public School. At defence, we had two boys from the West—Nold and Howson. They were two of our better players, but unfortunately, due to lack of substitutes, we had to play them the full sixty minutes. Towards the end of some of our harder games they slowed up considerably. One winning goal was scored against us in the last minute of one game when Nold was almost dead on his skates. Nold was a very sturdy, hard playing defenceman. He was a fast skater, a good stick-handler and possessed a very good shot. If one star had to be given, it would go undoubtedly to Nold as the best all-round hockey player on the team. The other defenceman, Howson, was away at the beginning of the season and got a rather slow, uncertain start. By the end of the season, he was playing very good hockey and was skating very fast. At centre in the first forward line was Errington III. He was a clever stick handler, a good skater, but not quite rugged enough. If he is to become a first-class hockey player, he must learn to bang his way through with more determination. At the left wing we had Schofield. He was a fast skater with a good shot, but rather slow at back-checking and decidedly weak at team play. He must learn to keep his head up and pass the puck when it is advantageous to do so. Davis II sometimes passed the puck too soon, but this is a less serious crime than never passing the puck at all.

The centre of our second line was Heit. He was only moderately effective because he lacked drive and speed. However, he was improving at the end of the season. He has a good low shot. At left wing was Fuller. He was a good stick handler, had a good shot, but lacked just the extra bit of speed which gets goals. He substituted at defence when Howson was away and was a very useful member of the team. At right wing we had a succession of boys who were all trying desperately to get a regular place on the team. Worling I showed promise but was not a strong skater. Bell, although a good skater, is far too timid. Crowe had a good deal of drive but not enough stick handling skill. Murdoch might have got this position if he hadn't missed two or three weeks at the beginning of the

season. Little improved tremendously as the season went on; he should make a good hockey player with more practice.

Finally, we should like to sum up by saying that the team played together very well. They took their defeats cheerfully, though unwillingly, and always showed an excellent spirit. Mr. Ives, our coach, has been heard to remark that no team he has coached has ever worked together so smoothly. There was, in short, no grouching.

Macdonald House Hockey Colours were given to the following boys: Davis II, Errington III, Fuller, Howson, Nold and Schofield.

The Second Squad had some interesting games. Combining with some First Squad boys, they played an Aurora team twice but found the speed of the Aurora youngsters altogether too much for them. One day, the Campbell "Cyclones" played the Worling "Whirlwinds" and we hear the game was a very good one. Another day, Grade VII challenged Grade VIII on the condition that Nold played in goal. In the last minute of play, when Nold left his goal, there was almost a fight on the ice to drive him back. Munn was the hero of this game when he scored the winning goal for Grade VII. Other promising players in the Second Squad were Franceschini II, McLaughlin and Goldsmith.

One of the highlights of the Third Squad season was the game between the First Form and the Primary. Franceschini and Ballentine starred for the First Form and Bain and Fair played well for the Primary. Defenceman Van den Bergh had considerable trouble with his trousers which always came down at critical moments! Many players in this game had great trouble in controlling themselves, to say nothing of the puck. However, in a few years' time, we hope to see these same boys on the First Team of the School. This year's First Team has six graduates of Macdonald House and we are very proud of them.

FIRST TEAM GOAL SCORING AVERAGES

	<i>Goals</i>	<i>Assists</i>	<i>Points</i>
Davis II.....	7	4	11
Schofield	9	2	11
Errington III	4	5	9
Nold	5	1	6
Fuller	4	1	5
Heit	3	0	3
Howson	0	2	2
Worling I.....	0	1	1



LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

1st Row—P. J. Errington, W. R. Howson, J. Davis, W. B. Lewis, I. D. A. Schofield,
D. C. Shaw.
2nd Row—A. J. S. Fletcher, H. F. H. Sedgwick, B. Goldsmith, D. B. Munro,
R. M. Opie, R. McColl, W. D. M. Ingram.
3rd Row—J. L. Wright, Esq., C. J. K. Crowe, K. H. Ives, Esq.

MACDONALD HOUSE CRICKET

Due to two factors over which we have no control, cricket has been forced into the background this summer. In the first place, the war has increased the amount of time given to the Cadet Corps training, and, in the second place, the weather has been very much against us. The Lower Field has been flooded more often than we like to remember and consequently we have been prevented from getting the practice necessary before cricket can be really enjoyed.

Most afternoons when we could play, we have had a practice for averages with all the boys batting and bowling. One afternoon, Mr. Thiele's team played Mr. Ives's team, and before the end of term we hope to challenge a pick-up team composed of the Masters.

The boys can be divided into two groups. Those who like cricket and those who are determined to dislike it. Strangely enough in both groups there are boys who can play well and some who cannot. As the season has progressed, more and more boys have come to like the game, especially after they have had a good innings. Amongst the cricket enthusiasts who have a good knowledge of the game can be listed Opie II, Goldsmith, Lewis and Errington III. Little, Shaw, Howson and Munro have all shown promise and should develop into good players if they want to practice. Davis II is probably our best player.

THE MACDONALD HOUSE NIGHT

THE PLAYS

[NOTE: Of recent years it has been the custom to ask a boy in the Senior School to write the Macdonald House Play Review. This year we asked G. L. Rapmund and he consented to do it for us. He also was kind enough to give us permission to add to or subtract from his account, if we thought it necessary. We trust that Rapmund will recognize his own contribution!]

Two one-act plays of varied theme were chosen this year for the Macdonald House theatrical effort. One was an exciting drama, the other a complete farce. In spite of the gas rationing, the plays were exceedingly well attended, many of the School having to stand.



PLAY CAST

The first play, "The Drums of Oude," by Austin Strong, is set in the middle of the last century on the Indian frontier. From the moment the curtain goes up, an atmosphere of mystery and suspense envelopes the scene. The soldiers were all dressed in uniform and the Scottish kilts were very effective. The main players were Howson, as Capt. McGregor; Little, as Lieut. Hartley; and Campbell, as Mrs. Clayton. These three boys carried the action of the play along very well and created a lot of dramatic suspense at the climax. Howson, in particular, acted very convincingly. Little was a little over-anxious, but he should do much better with this valuable experience behind him. Campbell made an excellent Mrs. Clayton. Two Indian servants were performed by Cobban and Leishman. With their white turbans and darkened faces, they looked very Oriental. The cast was completed by Crowe and Murdoch. In their brilliant red uniforms,

they added a real flash of colour to the production. Throughout the performance the distant roll of native drums added to the tenseness of the atmosphere. Stage Assistant Clark was responsible for this. The lighting effects were very well handled by Howland.

The second play was "Passion, Poison and Petrification," by Bernard Shaw. This play is just an exaggerated comedy. A few of the best lines were inevitably lost by being drowned out by the laughter. It is very hard for boys to judge the correct amount of time to elapse before continuing to speak after a burst of laughter. One of the highlights of the play was Lewis' scream. Lewis played the part of Phyllis, the maid. McColl played Lady Magnesia Fitztollemache. He had a very pleasant speaking voice, carried himself well and looked the part. Shaw played the part of the husband. He was particularly good in the scene in which he attempts to murder his wife but is interrupted by the singing of angels. He was mystified by the angels singing "Oh, don't sit under the appletree." Fletcher II acted very well as the poisoned Adolphus. He was dressed half in brilliant red and half in dark blue. His agonized, writhing death on the bed was very realistic. He should go far in dramatics if he lives up to his present promise. Howland, as the Cockney landlord, was excellent. Hendrie III and Blomfield carried their parts very satisfactorily and helped to build up the tragi-farcical climax when the "Copper" attracted the lightning with such devastating results.

Mrs. Wright did a very good job on the costumes. The girls were all good and Adolphus was a masterpiece. The Hindustani servants were very effective. Macdonald House was very lucky to have Lieut. G. R. Tottenham to help with the make-up. Many favourable comments were heard concerning the efficiency of the ushers. Finally, Macdonald House would like to thank the Senior School boys who carried the piano into Dunlap Hall and finally got it safely on to the stage.

THE DISPLAYS

After the plays the visitors were invited over to Macdonald House to view the various exhibitions and to have refreshments in the library.

The exhibit of the Model Club was a model airport with planes both in the air and on the landing field. The Camera Club had several large sheets of enlargements which had been taken, developed and printed by members of the Club. Mr. Wright's Grade VIII Scripture Class had a model Jewish tabernacle on display. The First Form exhibited a model house which they had built during woodcraft classes. The house was all on exact scale, one-eighth actual size. A normal 2-by-4 piece of lumber became a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch by a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in size. One rather amusing exhibit was a trayful of confiscated articles. Comics, flashlights, toy tanks and crystal sets

were all there, and some parents were overheard saying that they recognized some of the articles! The Art classes had various exhibits. The First Form had a series of African animals; Lower Second a series of historical costumes; and Upper Second a series of pictures of the development of the British Navy. Outstanding were some of the drawings, done by Feith. The Geography class exhibit included maps of every continent. One map was displayed of Ontario, one of the Aurora district, and one of the St. Andrew's grounds. For the latter, the boys made their own measurements. There were other displays of note-books, writing and historical maps illustrating the explorers of Canada. In the Primary Department there was an extensive display of a very colourful nature.

Taken altogether, the displays gave a pretty good idea of the activities of the boys in Macdonald House. Not only were there many samples of classroom work, but also many from the spare-time hobbies. We hope next year to see more contributions from Third Form boys. In fact, we hope next year to have an even bigger and better exhibition in every way. We understand that the First Form has already started on a new and original exhibit for the spring of 1944.

A SUCCESS?

It was planned, weeks ahead. "High-hats" had pored over maps, held conferences, and discussed it, over and over again. At last the night came! Our bomber squadron was to lead the attack—against the biggest aeroplane factory the enemy had. . . .

We take off at dusk and the roar of our motors fills the sky as we climb for height. . . . As we cross the Channel, two miles below, I feel a thrill of pride—it is to be my first action. Soon afterwards the navigator announces that we are over enemy territory and I lower myself into the bombardier's position. But we are expected. Already anti-aircraft shells burst, with an all-too-good aim. Then the fighters arrive, and engage our escort which is slightly outnumbered.

They fight back and we man gun-positions. Out of the corner of my eye I see the bomber on our right explode as cannon and machine-gun fire tear into it.

Suddenly an enemy fighter comes in from starboard, all guns ablaze. Our machine shudders horribly as lead hits it from nose to tail, but I hardly feel it. My stomach has been hit and the first sight of my own blood scares me, as I grow weak.

I think I am losing consciousness, but before I do I would like you to know who I am. My name is Carl Schiller, and I used to live, before they bombed it, in a pretty little house in Hamburg.

GOLDSMITH, Form III.

THE HUNTED

A painter's brush could not portray the sight
Only those who witnessed it, remember still—the night.
'T was winter and our piece of world was blanketed with snow,
The moon was rising o'er the ridge silently and slow.
The air was crisp and bracing, the trees were a dusky grey,
The silence was broken by nothing as Nature moved on her way.
To the left of the stream was a river stealing its way round the hill,
The ice had advanced from the edges, but the centre was uncovered still.
It was really quite small for a river, you could even call it a stream.
But it was quiet and pleasant and peaceful and made life seem just a big
dream,
In the ridge before us a chasm had been worn by water and years,
It stood framed 'gainst the rising moon which over the ridge slowly peers.
And then the silence is broken, we hear the running of feet,
In a moment we know the meaning,
The wolves are out for their meat,
They are after a deer we can tell it.
The young pups are snarling that way
They'll get him, they'll get him,
They'll have his throat cut before day,
And now to the right we see him racing along the hill,
A beautiful stag in the prime of his life, with many years left to him still,
But the wolves are close behind him, one tried to leap on his rump,
He's come to the chasm, he'd better turn, surely he's not going to jump.
But fear has strengthened his muscles and terror has given him nerve,
He hesitates then with an effort, leaps in a beautiful curve.
For a minute we see his silhouette framed in the silver moon,
Will he make it or will he fall spinning to his doom.
He made it, he stumbled on the edge, but staggered to his feet,
And then in safety trotted off, while the wolves howled with defeat.
The leader watched his prey, swing off to the safety of night,
And then turning led his pack, slowly out of sight.

R. A. CAMPBELL, Form III.

THE MANOR MYSTERY

It was a dusky evening in August when I walked up the gravel pathway which lead to my ancestral home. The evening air was tainted with the sweet perfume of roses, and the birds were singing their evening songs. None would have thought of the sinister plot which was about to be hatched.

On my arrival at the house, I was greeted by my brother who had just come from India where he held a commission in the army. He was in a very jovial mood and greeted me with great relish. We had our supper which was prepared with infinite care by our butler, Austin Bloomfield, who had been in the employ of our family many years.

After finishing our meal we decided to take a stroll in the country. We walked slowly through the orchard and my brother told me many weird and strange stories about his life in India. It was quite late when we found our way home where I bade him good night, and we went to our respective rooms.

It took me a considerable time to get to sleep. As I lay there I thought of all the things that my brother had told me concerning the wonders of India. But soon I fell into a deep slumber. How long I slept I do not know, but when I was rudely awakened by two revolver shots fired in rapid succession I immediately went across the hall to my brother's room.

I opened the door, switched on the light, and beheld to my horror and amazement, my brother lying sprawled across the end of his bed, his smoking revolver lying beside him. In a moment Bloomfield was by my side. We were both dumfounded by the hideous spectacle which we now beheld. I recovered from my shock, and rang up the police who arrived within the hour. They inspected the corps, took fingerprints and left, saying that we must leave everything as it was until a detective from Scotland Yard arrived to solve the mystery.

Shortly after the unfortunate event a small trim figure came to see me. He was detective Middleford from the Yard. He looked at my dead brother, inspected his clothes and personal belongings and found three rather strange things. The first was a small trapdoor in the ceiling on the opposite side of the room from where the large four poster bed was situated. It was carefully concealed by wall paper and invisible to the casual eye. The second was a number of drops of human blood on the trap door which lead to the attic. The third was that one of the gables which held the bed in position had been carefully greased with bacon fat.

The detective told me privately that I was to occupy the same bed as my brother and that he would make a pretence of going back to Scotland Yard.

This was accomplished, and I slept and lived in my brother's room while Middleford, unknown to Bloomfield, slept in the adjoining room.

For several days nothing unusual happened, but one dark night I was awakened by a creaking sound. What I saw nearly turned my blood to water and made my hair stand on end. For coming closer, and closer out of the inky darkness, came a hideous phosphorescent hand which came to stop above my bed, its clawlike fingers seeming to grasp me.

The perspiration stood in cold beads upon my brow. My heart beat furiously, and cold shivers came and went down my spine. Then slowly the horrible hand with its clawlike fingers withdrew, into the ceiling, and there was silence except for a strange sound, not unlike that which a snake makes when it is attacked.

I jumped up and lay sprawled as though dead. I had not long to wait. Suddenly the door creaked slowly open and the form of Bloomfield came staggering into the room and came to a halt at the end of the bed, there he gloated over me, an evil, sinister smile playing upon his dreadful countenance. Then he laughed hysterically and went stamping around the room. I pressed the button by my side and sprang at him. At the same time Middleton slipped the handcuff on him and we drove him to the Ossett jail.

It was found out by the medical examiner that Bloomfield was a likentrop; that is a man who gets into such a state of mind that he hypnotizes himself into acting some dreadful deed such as the foul murder of my brother.

This was how he accomplished it. He ran a wire down to the gable on John's bed, greased it and ran down the horrible red hand from the trap door. Then my brother awakened by the noise had attempted to shoot it. Finding bullets of no avail he shouted down the speaking tube for the butler, then he had received a dose of poisonous gas which had killed him immediately, leaving no traces except a small red rash which the doctor had overlooked in examining his dead body.

MARSDEN, Upper II.

THE AGE OF INVENTIONS

Our village, with its scanty population of fifty or sixty people, is situated on the south coast of England, some eight miles out of Brighton. It was once a quiet little place with nothing happening, but everybody happy. Then the war came, and the coasts became a scramble of barbed wire, dotted with gun-nests and look-outs. Our village changed, too, and all its inhabitants. All, that is, except Mr. Salmon.

Mr. Salmon was an old, long-retired gentleman. There were many rumours as to his previous occupation, but, concerning the present, all ideas united. He was just a dreamy old man.

One day, however, after years of this dazed appearance, he knocked

at my door. In his shaky hand he held a small black attaché case, and the very air about him seemed to whisper, "secret." I ushered him in and he sat down. Then he shakily unfolded his story. It seems that a year ago he had struck upon his idea for an anti-aircraft weapon. It was an electric "sonographic" ray and was designed to destroy the carburettor of any known engine. He had gone farther. With him, in his case, was the finished idea. Would I be his assistant for the first experiment?

I consented, and when, the next day, a German Dornier 215 droned over us, we ran excitedly to a pre-set field.

Feverishly we set up his invention and, with expectant faces, "tuned in" to the aeroplane.

To my astonishment and delight the machine shuddered and, banking steeply, made a forced landing nearby.

I held up its crew with a rifle, but my friend was already on his way to London.

While the police were on their way to take over my prisoners I took the liberty to examine the carburettors. Both were untouched!

The Germans explained that a Spitfire had shot them up over the sea and they had had to come down.

I thought of my excited old friend, and the prisoners looked on, puzzled, while I had my best laugh for years!!

GOLDSMITH, Form III.

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

The light navy torpedo plane flew over the blue waves of the Atlantic. Its crew consisted of three able men, the pilot, the radio-operator, and a rear gunner. They were constantly on the look-out lest they see an enemy submarine or even an enemy plane.

They had been flying like this for about half an hour without seeing anything. They were just getting ready to turn back home when they saw three columns of smoke on the horizon. They flew to investigate.

They soon were in sight of three ships—an aircraft carrier and two torpedo boats—all flying the flag of the rising sun. They carried one torpedo which, as the three of them figured, should do quite a bit of damage should it hit the middle of any of the three ships. But they, too, were spotted and the ships were getting ready for the oncoming plane. The deck of the aircraft carrier was full of running Japs, and warming-up planes. They, too, were getting ready for the fight. As the plane drew near, a barrage of gun-fire broke out and the Japanese planes were taking off. The plane swayed as the shells came closer, but still it went on, straight for the aircraft carrier, with its deadly cargo of explosives. The pilot

pressed a button releasing the torpedo, and sent it on its way, straight for the centre part of the carrier. The carrier tried to dodge but in vain; it hit right on the water-line near the stern. The radio-operator did not wait for the explosion. Instead, he sat down to the radio and started calling the home base for help. After a few seconds he received an answer, telling him that a nearby destroyer had intercepted their call for help and now was in the direction of the battle zone.

The rear gunner soon was engaged with the Japanese planes, which now swarmed all about them, shattering the fuselage and wings with a terrific hail of bullets. The gunner got two of the Japanese with three lucky bursts from his rear gun, but he himself was mortally wounded. Meantime, the pilot shot down three more of the Japs before his guns jammed. The plane swayed as the shells burst below and beside it.

One of the shells tore through the left wing, tearing the plating apart. The pilot saw that he could no longer keep the plane under control and that the only reasonable thing to do would be to try a forced landing on the water below. The radio operator made ready with the rubber raft and prepared for the shock of the landing.

When the plane landed in the waves the radio operator threw out the rubber raft and jumped after it. The pilot looked up to the horizon, hoping to see a column of smoke or a scout plane, which would be a sign of rescue. Then he went after the radio operator, who was waiting for him, and together they pushed away from the damaged and now sinking plane.

With a last look at the plane, they turned their attention to the now closing-in torpedo boats, one of which was in the action of lowering a small boat to go and take the American fliers aboard as prisoners. The pilot looked to the horizon once more, and there he saw a column of smoke rising.

But the Japs, too, saw it and were now quickly getting ready to encounter their enemy.

The ship turned out to be a lonely destroyer. On seeing the Japs it immediately opened fire, and its shells came very close, one of them scoring a direct hit on the control tower of one of the torpedo boats. A second shell tore through the port side and exploded inside the hull, ripping the ship practically into half and disabling it. The aircraft carrier, already badly listing, was being abandoned by its crew which were being picked up by the second torpedo boat which was quickly turning around to flee from the place of defeat. The destroyer slowed down and sent a life-boat to pick up the survivors.

When they got aboard the destroyer they were taken before the captain who congratulated them and asked them for their report so that he could radio the news to headquarters. But at that moment they were thinking about the rear gunner who lost his life trying to save theirs.

H. FEITH

TWO DAYS' HOLIDAY AT GEORGIAN BAY

Two days' holiday doesn't seem very much, but I did quite a few things in the two days.

The first day, or rather, the first night, I went to the lodge in the little settlement. In the lodge you could get your meals and play games, etc.

Well, Peter, my older brother, and myself went up to the lodge and saw a movie about the country around the little settlement where we were. We got to bed late that night.

The next day was beautiful and sunny. Mother and Dad thought that it would be a very nice day to go out for a little fishing trip for the day. We packed our lunch and soon were on our way. We started off about ten o'clock. We also borrowed a fishing smack because the canoes were not very good for fishing in. All of us enjoyed ourselves very much that day. Just before we had our lunch we went in for a swim. We got back that night just in time to have a good hot supper, then we played a few games of cards, then went to bed and slept soundly until morning.

We slept in for about an hour, because it was Sunday. At nine o'clock we had our breakfast, and we didn't do very much that morning except go to a little chapel service that was held in the lodge.

After lunch we played around, then we went and had our dinner. I didn't do anything in the afternoon except rest. We soon had our supper, and about eight o'clock we started for home. I had had a very nice weekend, the nicest I have ever had. I think when I got home I went right to bed and slept very soundly until morning.

D. G. TRENT, Grade V.

"CAFARD"

I began to think that the trip to the fort would never end. It is impossible to travel fast in the desert without boots and after what I had been through I was pretty well at my last gasp when I saw what looked to be a wireless mast on the horizon.

Dawn was just breaking and it was still very cold. The cloak that the old Arab woman had given me did not contain much warmth.

When the sun approached its zenith, however, conditions were very much worse and I began to think that I might not reach the fort even though it was in plain sight.

I staggered on and when I got fairly close I noticed that the flag hung in tatters as though it had been ripped by bullets. There were no signs of life and the gates were wide open. I knew something about the fort. It was situated midway between Ghardia and Touzzourt, and it was frequently

involved in minor fights with the Arabs. It was garrisoned by the Third Squadron of Legion cavalry. Something must be seriously wrong!

Finally I drew close to the gates and just as I was about to enter I heard the "crack" of a rifle and the whine of the slug that went whistling by. I flung myself to the ground and edged towards the right-hand wall. As I moved I looked around but could see nothing because of the limited range of my vision.

No more shots came my way and I thought that it must have been a legionnaire who had mistaken me for an Arab because of the cloak I was wearing. I stood up to shout and a terrible sight confronted me. I had not been able to see this before, but everything in the place was smashed or looked as if it was. The ground was covered with the bodies of legionnaires who had died trying to defend the fort.

Suddenly there was another burst of firing but no bullet came near me, so I concluded that he was not firing at me but at something else. Then it happened! Around the corner walked a huge man in the uniform of the Legion with the chevrons of a sergeant. He was dragging a corpse behind him and every now and then he would stop to address it in German.

I slipped away and appropriated the revolver and ammunition of one of the corpses. This made me feel much safer so I went back to listen to him. Once in a while he would speak about men in women's clothing and I gathered that he must be referring to the Arabs who had raided the fort.

By this time I was sure that he was "cafard," a terrible madness from which no one had been known to recover. Once again I slipped away but this time to make a thorough search of the premises. As I had suspected, the Arabs had taken all the horses, and so I was left without any means of travel except my own two feet, which were by this time very much swollen.

I finally made my way to the wireless room, my last resort, and found that nothing had been touched and that it was in excellent order. This raised my spirits somewhat and I cast about for a short message of distress I could send. Finally it came and I sat down and began on the key, "SOS, Telegi; SOS, Telegi." I did this for about three-quarters of an hour when suddenly there was a burst of machine-gun fire and the wireless was smashed. The bullets had come through the window and they had been fired by the sergeant.

I barricaded the door and hid under the only window because he could not hit me when I was there. I was still trying to think out some scheme when I heard the hum of an aeroplane. It drew closer and as it flew over the fort the sergeant took a shot at it. The plane came back and I looked out of the window to see the madman standing in the middle of the enclosure taking careful aim at the machine.

I levelled my revolver and fired, there was a scream of pain and the sergeant took to his heels. I ran out on to the desert and waved my arms to the plane, which came down. The pilot climbed out of the machine just in time to see the sergeant burst from the gate at a dead run. He was screaming with fear and ran right by without seeing us.

The pilot spoke. "Cafard?" he said, and I nodded my head. "There is only one cure for that" was the reply, and he shot him through the head.

I was safe after a fortnight of wandering in deadly peril of my life through the desert.

J. LITTLE, Form III.

ENGLAND

Ah! yes, I do remember how once I stood above
A country full of meadows, and felt a servant's love
For the dear, dear land of England, and England's summer breeze
That makes a heart quite full of dole,
Become a heart at ease,
And heard the lark's song rise on high.
I knew then, England could not die.

M. FINDLEY

May, '43.



H. Feith.

A FISHING TRIP TO GEORGIAN BAY

It was a hot summer's day as we drove up to the little spot on Georgian Bay known as Honey Harbour. At this summer resort, which consisted of a hotel and a few other buildings, we boarded our small but very efficient motor launch. My companion, and guide, as you might say, was my father who had been to this Northern paradise before. After obtaining some supplies and gasoline we set out in our boat.

Our destination was several miles up the bay where we had established a hunting and fishing lodge. It was not long till we arrived and as it was growing dark we decided to hit the hay. The next morning found us taking a swim in the clear, cool waters. After that we had a very enjoyable breakfast and getting the fishing tackle ready was the next item on the bill. Soon all was ready and we set out in one of the canoes. We had not gone far when we came to a portage and, after having crossed it we proceeded on our way. Off the shore of a small island we saw some bass jumping for flies. We went over to the spot and it was not long till we had caught some small mouth bass. Dad tried a few casts which brought us a pike. Landing on the rocks we ate a hearty lunch. In the afternoon our catch increased and so by night-fall we had enough fish to last us for quite some time.

Good time was made on the way back and it was not long until we had arrived at the cabin. The pair of us got on the larger boat and rowed down to Honey Harbour. From there it was "smooth sailing" till we arrived home at Toronto.

I can safely say that this trip was the loveliest and most delightful holiday that I have ever had.

H. SEDGWICK, Upper II.

"MALAYAN MASSACRE"

It was a hot streaked face that peered at his watch through the gloom and silence of the Malayan jungle. It was a small, weary band of Fusiliers that crouched in the darkness there. The Japs had come so fast from Khota Baru, that the British had been trapped very decisively.

The Jap snipers had whittled them down to a small group of half dead men. A branch cracked somewhere, and a rifle barked its message of death. The big smiling Linconshire lad dropped to the ground, dead! But another Fusilier had fired, and the sound of a body hitting the ground

came to their ears. Ah! one more, muttered the Corporal. As the men waited for the onslaught they knew the rifle shot had heralded, they talked of England with its rolling hills and small towns, nestled between green fields, and blue streams. Their voices soon were hushed with the sound of the coming Japs. Shots echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding jungle.

Two hours later we come back to find the Japs have moved on, and among torn and already stinking carcasses, one hand (a Britisher's) points skyward and the words, "upward ever upward" come to the mind brought back by the sight of this great sacrifice to the freedom of the people, and the right to believe in the Great Beyond.

M. FINDLEY, Upper II.

Old Boys' Notes

In these anxious days of waiting The Review extends sincere sympathy to MRS. W. C. KING of Aurora, three of whose sons attended St. Andrew's College and have all served in the forces. LIEUTENANT W. D. KING has now transferred to the Air Force. His twin brothers have both been shot down, SERGEANT PERRY KING in the Mediterranean, and SERGEANT DALE KING over Berlin. The latter is now reported a prisoner of war. Both Perry and Dale have been slated for commissions.

R. ALAN SAMPSON (1908-1913) has been elected Chairman of the Toronto Board of Education for 1943, after serving on the Board for four years.

The promotion of R. L. JUNKIN (1902-1907) from the rank of Major to that of Lieutenant-Colonel is announced. Lt. Col. Junkin volunteered at the outbreak of the war, and is now Chief Instructor at A-5 Canadian Engineers Training Centre, Petawawa.

THE HON. C. D. HOWE, Minister of Munitions and Supply, recently paid tribute to the war production record of the Hull Steel Foundries Limited, under the direction of HAROLD P. COPLAN (1928-1930). Since the beginning of the war, the output of the foundry has increased fifteen times over. Mr. Coplan has been president of the firm for six years, working his way up to this position through every department of the foundry, beginning as a pattern-maker.

WILFRED C. JAMES (1904-1910) has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Regents of Victoria University.

CAPTAIN R. J. GRAHAM (1926-1932) is with a detachment of officers from the Canadian Army in England sent to North Africa to gain battle experience.

GROUP CAPTAIN G. R. MCGREGOR, D.F.C. (1917-1920), one of the heroes of the Battle of Britain, and among the service's most experienced and popular officers, is head of the R.C.A.F. units serving under the direction of the United States in Alaska.

CHESTER M. LEISHMAN (1905-1910) has been appointed a member of the Board of Directors of the T. Eaton Company.

We congratulate COL. R. P. SAUNDERS (1900-1904) of the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps on his promotion from the rank of Lt. Col., and on his appointment as Director of Ordnance Services in charge of administration. Before entering the Army, Col. Saunders practised law in Toronto.

H. B. HOUSSEY (1899-1903) has been elected vice-president of the Canada Foundries and Forgings Limited.

SGT. J. R. P. CAMPBELL, (1925-1926) has returned from overseas to take an officer's course. In Africa at the outbreak of war, Sgt. Campbell joined the merchant marine and later the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps with which he is now serving.

HAROLD F. STANFIELD (1927-1929), President of Stanfield and Blaikie,

Limited, has been elected a director of the Prudential Trust Company of Montreal.

LIEUT. GORDON FREDERICK PIPE (1930-1933) was home on leave recently after more than two years' service with the Royal Navy during which time he has seen action in Arctic and tropical waters, from Spitsbergen to Madagascar. He is now back again at sea aboard an unnamed aircraft carrier.

CLARENCE WALLACE (1909-1911) has been appointed a director of the Crown Life Insurance Company.

GUY S. RUTTER (1905-1910) was recently elected a director of the Continental Life Insurance Company. Mr. Rutter is associated with York Knitting Mills Limited.

DAVID P. ROGERS (1907-1908) has been named President of the Union Gas Company of Canada Limited.

WILLS MACLACHLAN (1899) has been elected General Chairman of the Engineering Section of the National Safety Council for 1943, the first Canadian to hold this office. He is secretary-treasurer and engineer of the Electrical Employers' Association of Ontario and the chairman of the Committee on Industrial Relations of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

LIEUT. FREEMAN E. BURROWS (1926-1927), who has been at sea since shortly after his training course at the outbreak of war, has been given command of a new Bangor-type minesweeper.

The Review extends most sincere congratulations to BILL ADAMS (1928-35) on his promotion to Squadron Leader. It is believed that he took part in the spectacular raid on the Ruhr Valley dams. Good work, Bill!

ED BALLON paid a visit to the school a week or so ago. During the last year he was Vice-President of Arts and Science, and on the Students' Athletic Council at McGill. He has now joined the R.C.N.V.R.

JON BALLON (1940-42) captained the Senior Football Team, played on the First Hockey Team and won two firsts in the Annual Track Meeting at the Montreal High School.

E. GERALD SMITH (1917-21) has been appointed Executive Vice-President of the Fleet Aircraft at Fort Erie.

We have just heard that K. ERIC ROGERS (1934-38) has been elected president of the Hippocratic Society, senior students' organization of the Western Ontario Medical School.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to MR. O. P. HERTZBERG on the death of his son, CAPT. OLAF HERTZBERG, who was killed in action in North Africa.

The Review expresses its sympathy for MR. and MRS. PERRY SPROTT in the loss of their infant daughter, RUTH LOUISE.

Three Andreans were included in the King's birthday honors list and *The Review* offers its sincerest congratulations.

MAJOR G. T. CASSELS, R.C.A. (1903-1912) was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire (Military).

MAJOR-GENERAL C. S. L. HERTZBERG (1899-1901), chief engineer attached to general staff overseas was made a Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath.

J. A. D. McCURDY (1902), superintendent, Purchasing Division, Aircraft Production Branch, Department of Munitions, was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire.

The Review would like to extend its congratulations to M. B. E. CLARKSON (Trinity College) on having been awarded the Sir Gilbert Parker Scholarship in English Language and Literature.

Overseas Mail

It was an awfully nice thought behind the sending of that particularly nice Christmas box and it was very much appreciated indeed. The box itself contained one pleasant surprise after another. Such fun pulling out so many good things, and whoever planned and packed the boxes knew exactly what we old Old Boys like.

Sandy sent me one of the school cards with the etching "December Evening at St. Andrew's," and it appeals to me so much I have it tucked into the corner of a large picture where it can be seen every day.

One meets old S.A.C. boys everywhere, in London, on the trains, in the camps and throughout all England,—most likely in all the theatres of war as well. What a grand home-coming some day for all those of us who are lucky enough to come home.

GEORGE E. LEISHMAN ('07-14).

Many thanks for the fine Christmas parcel. It was, as usual, much appreciated—particularly the jazzy socks. Nobody will be able to "promote" them to their own use!

GRAY EAKINS ('11-16).

I have been over here in the south of England for some time now, although it seems no time at all since I saw you all at the last Prize Day.

One week-end not long ago I met my old friend and S.A.C. room-mate, Bob Senior, in London. As you probably know, he is Sub. Lieut. Senior, and at present, is with the Royal Navy. He seems to be weathering the war's storms exceedingly well. I am an artillery reinforcement officer now on course here. Big Jack Mitchell ('37-38, I believe), is a brother officer stationed here.

DONALD KILPATRICK ('34-39).

The copies of *The Review* which I received were most welcome. Frequently other members of our mess could be seen reading the magazine, as they found items of interest in it, especially those concerning the Old Boys who are serving in this country. Naturally, I found everything written most interesting. When I rejoin the Canadian Corps I expect to look up a number of the boys whose addresses are contained in *The Review*.

A. G. STIRRETT ('16-20).

My work is of the most absorbing and interesting nature, and I know "Prof" Goodman would give his back teeth to be here with me. I have met several S.A.C. Old Boys, amongst them Gibbie Phibbs, Bill Buchanan, and Geoff O'Brian and my C.O. for a short time after arrival.

DERYCK THOMSON ('36-39).

Please accept my most sincere thanks for the parcel of maple sugar. As a testament to its popularity I may best say that only a few scattered crumbs are now left. Some R.A.F. chaps have had their first taste of maple sugar, while two Canadians have had their first concrete (no slur intended!) contact with Canada in some time.

Your choice of maple sugar as a present could not have been a happier one from the point of view of a Canadian in the Middle East. Somehow it reminds one of melting snow and soft spring winds, mud and dead leaves underfoot—which as Canadians in Canada, you will not entirely appreciate, but which, in contrast to the everlasting sun and barren sand out here, are joys to contemplate.

T. H. W. READ ('33-35).

I see several old St. Andrew's boys every now and then. There are Chesley and George Crosbie, Ned Hiscock and Henley Munn, all of whom were at school in my time. There are also the older Munns, Alec Campbell and some others. I have also met several in the other services. I see Neil Chapman, who is in the Navy and who has just been "mentioned in despatches," quite often. Some time or other we will hold a St. Andrew's Old Boys' reunion.

JACK DUNLAP ('21-26).

It was very nice indeed to be remembered like that, even though we in the Navy do not normally feel the privations encountered in the other services.

The Christmas issue of *The Review* reached me some months ago, and I enjoyed particularly the Old Boys News. Ian MacDonald is at present taking a course here in Halifax, and hopes to see service in the Royal Navy in the near future. At present I am in Torpedo School for training, but expect to be back at sea in another month or so.

NEIL CHAPMAN ('35-36),

My sincerest thanks for the very fine Christmas parcel which, as a matter of fact, just arrived in time to thoroughly round off an otherwise rather uninspiring New Year's dinner. On this our fourth Christmas in uniform, and far from Canada, it is a source of inspiration to be remembered so magnificently.

ARTHUR W. DUNBAR ('28-31).

Thank you very much for the parcel. Who knitted the beautiful gloves? Of course I was greatly thrilled, and have eaten and drunk all the edibles. They all arrived *just* on Christmas, which was pretty good timing I think.

Bert Millward sent us a Christmas card. He is piloting a bomber regularly—right in there—and loving it.

GEOFFREY O'BRIAN ('35-39).

Just twenty-six years since I left S.A.C., and although it could never teach me to write, it left me with a taste for most of the finer things in life. So when the fun starts for the Canadian Army over here, we will carry on with school spirit and everything else we can lay our hands on.

HEDLEIGH HOME ('07-17).

It is my pleasure for the second time now to thank all of you for the Christmas parcel and the very kind wishes and message which accompanied it. The parcel, I should judge from its appearance, must have undergone an adventurous passage, as it only turned up today and looked a bit crestfallen and tired. On the outside the postmark read "Damaged and salvaged." But at any rate, the contents do not appear to have suffered. The chocolate bars are the only ones which show signs of having been in a flood. No doubt their flavour will be all the better for it.

JACK EATON ('24-27).

So far I have only been fortunate in meeting one Old Boy out here, that being W/Cdr. Patterson, whom I met in Cairo a short time ago.

G. W. RUTHERFORD ('34-35).

If you could have seen two chums and myself after being on duty late last evening, return and find your grand parcel on my bed, you would have been as pleased as we were. It did not take many minutes to locate a can opener and boil enough water to make three cups of hot chocolate, and we were soon eating a real Canadian meal of stew, pork and beans, cheese and crackers and a delicious fruit salad topped off with a real Canadian bar of chocolate. Thanks a million.

W. G. ANGUS ('37-38).

Things over here are not very exciting just at present. I have been transferred from my unit back to base as an instructor. I never thought when I went to St. Andrew's that I would become practically a schoolmaster myself.

JACK MITCHELL ('36-38).

Please convey to the Ladies' Guild, the Old Boys and the School my gratitude and thanks for a grand Xmas parcel. Most of its contents have already been consumed by me and my grateful fellow-wolves, in spite of the fact that I received it only a few hours ago. For sheer speed and despatch on that score I'm afraid we put the Upper Flat, Macdonald House, in the shade, and that is saying a lot.

Kindly remember me to all my friends on the staff, and the best of luck to you and the school during this New Year.

BERT MILLWARD.

You told me to keep in touch with you when I went overseas. Well, here I am. I have mustered to Flight-Engineer, and expect to take the course any day now, as they are urgently needed, so I guess I'll get my trips over Germany after all.

We have grand aircraft over here, something that Germany will never be able to compete with, so as long as our countries keep up the good work of building and sending them to us, they need never fear who will come out the winner.

V. L. BATCHELOR ('24-25).

The Review has been a delight on the two occasions that I have received it since coming overseas, and I am looking forward to seeing future issues. Lt. Col. Charlie Gossage is now with our division, and I see Major Bruce King at C.M.H.Q. every once in a while. I know there are many other Andreans over here, and I am always on the look-out for them.

GORD. WHITE ('20-24).

You have all been very good indeed in the way in which you have remembered the Old Boys who are serving over here.

It is now three years or rather, somewhat more, since we left Canada, and it seems a very long time indeed, in which a great deal has happened. At last, however, I think that we may be permitted an optimistic hope that the successful completion of our efforts will not be delayed very much longer.

The 48th send best wishes and all good luck to S.A.C.

J. E. GANONG ('13-20).

I am at present in hospital with jaundice, and have lots of company as it seems to be quite prevalent over here. We are known by the Sisters as the "little yellow boys." This hospital is certainly tops. It was donated by the Red Cross for the Canadian Troops, and has everything you could wish for.

I ran into Moff Dunlap about eight weeks ago, and he seems to be thriving. Bill Macdonald is, of course, in our regiment.

DYSON SLATER ('24-27).

Just a note to thank the School, the Old Boys and the Guild for the very nice Xmas parcel. I might add that mice apparently liked the parcel too, because they ate through the paper and took a few nips off the end of two of the bars.

I run across a number of S.A.C. chaps from time to time, but there are none where I am stationed at present. Saw Jack Brown and Bruce King recently.

DOUG LOUGH ('24-29).

I'll bet you picture me as a small boy—well! I got the kick of a small boy when I received the parcel.

We have been sitting on this old island for three years now, but feel sure by spring things will open up.

BERT APPEGATH ('12-21).

We had a most pleasant Xmas, although it seemed more like Thanksgiving without the snow and cold weather. We had a good turkey and all the trimmings and a real celebration.

I saw Routine Orders the other day with a citation about Sunny Graham and the notice of his M.C. You must all be very proud of him, as I am. He was one of my best friends in medicine.

PETER SPENCE ('28-29).

The socks fit perfectly and the maple sugar was very tasty. Have met a lot of the lads since coming over here, and at present I am rooming with Jack Grange.

Please convey my congratulations to John Lowndes for the excellent packing effort on the parcel. Best regards to everyone at the school.

E. G. DUNBAR ('29-31).

Thanks so much for *The Review*. It is not too much to say that you relive the best part of your days at the School as you thumb through its pages. The extracts from the Old Boys are most interesting, it is difficult to realize there are so many in the services as one seldom runs across them. Recently I ran into Pete Ponsford. He is a subaltern with an infantry unit, and was resting after a long march when I saw him. I see Dave Ely now and again, and understand he is now a major. Bob Armstrong commands a field regiment in one of the armoured divisions. I saw him a week before his promotion to Lt.-Col. and he was looking fine, but didn't get a chance to say more than "hello."

J. FORBES MORLOCK ('22-31).

Dyson Slater, who left us just before we sailed from Canada, due to a serious illness, finally caught up with us a few months ago, but unfortunately has just gone to the hospital again. Everyone hopes very much that he won't be there long. Jim Hamilton was attached to us for a month or so recently, and is now our Staff Captain.

BILL MACDONALD ('21-30).

I don't know how you knew what size sock I took, because I don't myself, but the fit was perfect, and they are the most comfortable pair I own.

We envy you the skiing, but guess with limited transportation and war production that we probably get as much where we are—which is none. Our weather has been the mildest January in about 25 years, and the wettest in 50, so that's where some of your cold came from.

PHIL FRASER ('20-22).

I would appreciate it if you would convey my thanks to the ladies' organization for the nice Xmas box which they so thoughtfully sent me. By the time I opened it, it had done a Cook's tour all over England, but all the contents were intact, and the socks were "swell." Bob Patten and Jack Brown were neighbours of mine until recently—but that is the only contact I have had with any S.A.C. boys here lately.

With Bill McKenzie as Head Prefect, I hope the buildings were able to withstand the shock—I congratulate him!

A. G. STIRRETT ('16-20).

My thanks to you all for the great Christmas parcel that I received in good condition. I rather mention that it was in good condition as some of our mail was badly mixed up by the "Halifax Fire." We are still plugging along on training and routine, but are looking forward to getting on with the job this year.

GEORGE SHERIN ('22-23).

I have had a rather varied career since arriving over here. First three months were spent in London—a marvellous opportunity to see the city and all the sights. The life was not so pleasant for one who prefers the country though, so I was not sorry when I was transferred to a small unit in the

country. Here I was the convoy officer, which meant organizing convoys and going about the countryside with them. I am now back at the reinforcement unit.

ARTHUR KILGOUR ('35-37).

It has been a thrilling week, and I have been under enemy fire for the first time. On the day the London school was bombed and so many children killed, my troop was out on the chilly downs near the channel. Almost below us in the valley lay a little coastal village. My troop had ceased firing for lunch, and I was sitting there with a mess-tin full of cold stew when out of nowhere about nine wicked-looking Messerschmitts streaked in at ground level and right before our eyes blasted with bombs and machine guns the little town below us. They disappeared through the smoke and havoc they had created, flying so close to the ground their wings seemed to sweep the gorse. I had my glasses on them fortunately, and saw them wheel around and come racing in our direction. Panic nearly swept us as, following the very contours, they roared up our hillside with all guns chattering. It's a wonder we were not all killed. I ran like a hunted thing with, I confess, cold dread in my heart and cold stew in my mouth. I did the fastest 100 yds. on record away from the trucks, which they were trying for, and fell headlong into a thick gorse bush. From there I watched three waves come at us so low I could have batted them down with a brick. Gee, what I wouldn't have given for a Bren gun. You simply could not miss! Confusion reigned everywhere as ack-ack for miles around depressed their guns and blasted away at our hillside. They did more damage to our equipment than to the Huns, who however decided it was time to leave. Like a cloud of angry hornets they sped away out over the channel where I hear our Spitfires were waiting and gave them a taste of their own medicine. There were no casualties from the entire incident except that one gun in the troop that was firing exploded with severe injuries to its crew.

DONALD KILPATRICK ('34-39).

I must thank you for the well-chosen parcel sent me this Christmas. I don't remember ever having seen a better selection during the last war or this present one, and I appreciate your thoughtfulness in remembering me very much.

E. R. ALLEN ('03-05).

I wish to extend my heartiest thanks for the continued thoughtfulness and kind remembrance for those whose privilege it was to attend the school in bygone days. As you probably know, quite a few of the Old Boys went avisting one early morning. Those who didn't stay left a calling card at Dieppe, "Next time we come, we come to stay." Let us all hope that '43 will permit us to avenge our fellows.

My wife presented me with a daughter in October, to our mutual delight. We had her christened on my leave, "Christian Elizabeth Anne Guthrie Urquhart LeVesconte." There is one for the books.

JOHN F. LEVESCONTE ('22-26).

Obituary Notices

There will be many boys still at St. Andrew's who remember affectionately SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR HAROLD D. DAVISON of the Royal Canadian Air Force who lost his life on the 19th of March last when his plane crashed near Laterriere, Que. At the moment he was attached to the R.C.A.F. station at Bagotville, P.Q. and was expecting to be sent at any time to England. In November 1940 he began his training at Camp Borden and having shown conspicuous ability he was appointed an instructor in 1942. Deeply attached to the school he was a frequent visitor during his months of training and found time for a brief farewell visit just before he was ordered to England. During his three years at St. Andrew's he made many friends and his reliable character and kindly nature made him popular with all the boys and the staff; he was a member of the first Rugby Team and a Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. To his father, an Old Boy of the school, *The Review* would offer the sincerest sympathy.

* * *

On December 15th, 1942, in Ottawa, Mr. HAMMET PINHEY HILL, K.C., Chancellor of the Anglican Diocese of Ottawa, passed away after a prolonged illness borne with great cheerfulness and courage. Mr. Hill was a housemaster at St. Andrew's in the early days and will be affectionately remembered by many of the boys of 1901-1903. He was for some time a member of the Provincial Legislature and had many wide interests beyond his legal practice. A member of one of the oldest families in Ottawa, he had collected a great deal of material for the local history of the capitol; when he found himself unable through illness to complete this undertaking he generously handed over his accumulations to the Public Archives to be incorporated in a history recently published by Mr. Lucien Brault. Mr. H. P. Hill, Jr. (S.A.C. 1930-32), carries on the law business and many of the activities of his distinguished father.

* * *

JOHN ALEXANDER FERGUSON of Sudbury, Ontario, who entered St. Andrew's in September 1910, and was with us till June 1913, was a veteran of the Great War, going overseas in April 1915 with the second contingent as a member of the Queen's Engineers. He became a captain and was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in the field. Captain Ferguson passed away in 1940 at the age of forty-six.

* * *

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALBERT E. GOODERHAM, V.D., who died suddenly on January 23rd, was the eldest son of Lady Gooderham and the late Sir Albert Gooderham of Toronto. He attended St. Andrew's from 1901 to 1904 and will be well and affectionately remembered by a large number of Old Boys. A graduate of the School of Science he was engaged in important war work during the Great War as assistant manager of British Acetones Limited, a company formed in Toronto by the Imperial Munitions Board representing the British Government. He became Colonel in Command of the Royal Grenadiers in 1934. Colonel Gooderham was associated with a great many financial enterprises and for a time represented the Old Boys Association on the Board of St. Andrew's College of which his father, Sir Albert Gooderham, was at one time Chairman.

On March 17th TEST OBSERVER GEORGE C. DENTON, R.A.F., Ferry Command, was killed when his plane crashed near Montreal. He attended St. Andrew's in 1910-11 and was a graduate of Victoria College and Osgoode Hall. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Lilian Hodge Denton of Montreal, and by three sisters, Mrs. Gordon Kennedy, Mrs. George Duff and Mrs. C. A. McMurtry, all of Toronto, and by his brother, Judge Frank Denton (S.A.C. 1911-12).

On Saturday, May 29th, ROBERT JOEL CAMERON, R.C.A.F. (S.A.C. 1918-1923), was killed on active service in an accident at Saskatoon. In 1922-23 Jo was a member of the Rugby, Hockey and Cricket teams and a prefect. In 1925 at McGill he was the star half-back on the senior Rugby team. In 1931 he became a member of the committee of the Old Boys' Association. In 1940 he was seriously injured while skiing at Orangeville. He had been a resident of Toronto for twelve years prior to joining the R.C.A.F., and had been engaged in the brokerage business. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Dorothea Sands of Kingston, and by one son, John Joel.

* * *

GEORGE EDWARD MARA, who entered in St. Andrew's in 1901, died at his residence, 227 Lytton Boulevard, Toronto, on December 25th, 1942, at the age of fifty-six.

* * *

In the death of MR. BERNARD A. PAGET, formerly of Huntsville, Canada lost one of its most skilful "bush pilots." His first experience was acquired at the old deLesseps Airport, Weston, in 1933; later he joined General Airways at Noranda; in 1940 he took over the operation of Air Trails, Limited, Huntsville. Shortly after the outbreak of the war he joined the staff of Air Observer School, London as a pilot. Later he was a flying instructor at No. 20 Elementary Flying Training School, Oshawa, and from Oshawa Paget went to the Quebec Airways Limited. Early in January Paget's plane crashed far down the St. Lawrence near Baie Comeau, Que. He attended St. Andrew's from September 1927 to April 1930, and is survived by his widow and one child who live in Rimouski, Que.

* * *

SURGEON-LIEUTENANT JOHN EDMUND POWELL attended St. Andrew's from September 1931 to June 1934, when he entered McGill University. At school and at McGill he was a noted swimmer and a member of track and skiing teams. In February 1942 he was serving on H.M.S. Avenger as Surgeon-Lieutenant and in April of that year he was married to Miss Audrey Helvetia Goodwin. Surgeon-Lieutenant Powell was reported missing in the casualty list issued by Naval headquarters December 13th.

Owing to the fact that the Old Boys' dinner was held after the "Review" went to press, the minutes will appear in the next edition.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

For the year ending March 23, 1943

Receipts

Balance in Bank March 31, 1943	\$	412.48	
Membership Fees	\$211.00		
Life Membership Fees	125.00		
Review Subscriptions	86.15		
Subscription to War Fund	151.93		
Subscription to Annual Dinner	55.50		
Interest and Exchange—			
Bank	\$ 1.07		
Life Membership	27.46	28.53	658.11
			<u>\$1,070.59</u>

Disbursements

Printing, postage, office supplies, telephone and Bank charges	\$149.67		
S.A.C. Review re Old Boys	86.15		
S.A.C. Review re Old Boys Overseas	31.40		
S.A.C. War Fund	151.93		
St. Andrew's College re Life Membership	125.00		
Old Boys' Dinner	70.90		
			<u>\$ 615.05</u>
Balance in Bank March 23, 1943			455.54
			<u>\$1,070.59</u>

Audited and found correct,
(Sgd.) T. P. GEGGIE,
Chartered Accountant.

STATEMENT OF LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Held by the School in Trust

Balance as at March 27, 1942	\$	850.00	
Life Membership Fees—			
W. Macpherson Boyd	\$25.00		
C. Wallace	25.00		
D. W. Sinclair	25.00		
A. R. Thiele	25.00		
J. B. Tyndale	25.00		
		<u>\$125.00</u>	
Interest Earned	27.46		
			<u>152.46</u>
			<u>\$1,002.46</u>
Interest transferred to General Fund of the Association			27.46
			<u>\$975.00</u>
Balance March 23, 1943			\$975.00

Births

- LeVESCONTE—On October 7th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. John F. LeVesconte, a daughter.
- HORSFALL—On December 4th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Horsfall, a daughter.
- GILLESPIE—On December 13th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin Gillespie, a daughter.
- BARRETT—On December 20th, 1942, to P/O and Mrs. J. F. Barrett, a son.
- RICE—On December 29th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Rice, a daughter.
- PHIBBS—On January 13th, 1943, to Lieut. and Mrs. Gibson Phibbs, a son.
- KENNEDY—On January 20th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kennedy, a daughter.
- TELFER—On January 20th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Telfer, a daughter.
- BANFIELD—On March 6th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Arnold Banfield, a daughter.
- FINDLAY—On March 6th, 1943, to Lieutenant and Mrs. Douglas Findlay, a daughter.
- FOLLETT—On March 19th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald B. Follett, a son.
- WOOD—In Miraflores, Lima, Peru, on March 23rd, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart B. Wood, a son.
- BLOOM—On April 4th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bloom, a son.
- KILGOUR—On April 9th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kilgour, a daughter.
- BRYDON—On April 14th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brydon, a daughter.
- HIGGS—On April 20th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Claud J. Higgs, a son.
- PENTLAND—On April 21st, 1943, to Lieut. and Mrs. W. T. Pentland, a son.
- SHAPLEY—On April 24th, 1943, to Captain J. M. Shapley and Mrs. Shapley, a daughter.
- HINDMARSH—An April 30th, to Sergt. Pilot and Mrs. John C. Hindmarsh, a daughter.
- TEMPLE—On May 1st, to Sub-Lieutenant and Mrs. Clifford Maulson Temple, a son.
- ROWELL—On May 17th, to Sgt. Pilot and Mrs. F. N. A. Rowell, a daughter.
- WARNOCK—On May 25th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Warnock, a son.

Marriages

- HETHRINGTON-HALL—On January 2nd, 1943, Lieut. Thos. Errol Hethrington married to Miss Phyllis Hammond Hall.
- McCoubrey-Fox—On January 18th, 1943, Alexander F. McCoubrey married to Miss Mary Catherine Fox.
- MORTON-HIBBARD—On March 6th, 1943, Lieut. David Charles Morton married to Miss Margaret Jane Hibbard.
- SCYTHES-RUTHERFORD—On April 19th, 1943, Pilot Officer Frederick H. Scythes married to Miss Margaret Rutherford of Edinburgh, Scotland.

OLD BOYS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

The following are the names of Old Boys on active service. If the details given are insufficient, letters may be forwarded through the school. Names marked with an asterisk are those of Old Boys overseas.

ACKERMAN, J. H. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
ACLAND, E. C. (Lt.-Col.).....	N.D.H.Q.
ACHESON, W. G. C. (Seaman).....	R.C.N.
*ADAMS, A. J. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
*ADAMS, W. H. (Squadron Leader).....	R.C.A.F.
*ADAMSON, E. G. (Sgt.).....	Can. Inf.
*ALLEN, E. R. (Major).....	Can. Forestry Corps.
ANGUS, W. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
ANKENMANN, R. D. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
ANNAND, J. E. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
*APPLEGATH, A. W. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
APPLEGATH, W. G. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.M.C. (Invalided home)
ARCHIBALD, H. E. (2nd Lieut.).....	R.C.E.
*ARMSTRONG, R. W. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.H.A.
ARMSTRONG, T. G. (L/Bdr.).....	R.C.A.
ASPDEN, A. K. (Wing Commander).....	R.C.A.F.
AULD, JAS. A. C. (2nd Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*BALL, B. R. (Capt.).....	Imperial Army
BALLON, E. M. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BARBER, J. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Navy
*BARBER, K. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
BARCLAY, W. C. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
BARRETT, J. F. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
*BARTRAM, J. ROI (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*BATCHELOR, V. L. (Fl. Engineer).....	R.C.A.F.
BEDELL, WOOD (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BEER, W. A. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*BELL, J. D. (2nd Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BELL, STEWART C. (Lieut.).....	Irish Reg. of Canada
*BELL, W. G. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
BERRY, S. N. (L/Cpl.).....	Veterans' Guard (invalided home)
BIRKETT, E. D.	R.C.A.F.
*BIRKS, G. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*BLACK, B. H. (F.O.).....	R.A.F.
BLACKSTOCK, T. (Capt.).....	
BOOTH, D. W. (Lieut.).....	Veterans' Guard

BOULTON, E. G. A. (Lieut.).....	Retired from Army
*BOYD, D. G. S. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
*BOYES, J. L. (1st Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BRICKENDEN, G. M. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BROOME, R. M. (Trooper).....	C.A.C.
BROWN, C. C.....	R.C.A.F.
*BROWN, J. L. (Capt.).....	C.R.U.
*BROWN, KENNETH (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
BROWN, R. B. M. (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.
BROWN, R. F. (Flying Officer).....	R.C.A.F.
BRUCE, G. NIGEL (Lieut.-Com.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BRYDON, E. D.....	R.C.O.C.
BRYDON, T. D.....	R.C.O.C.
*BUCHANAN, W. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BURNS, J. M. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
BURROWS, F. E. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BURRY, J. A. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
BURTON, R. B. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
CAMERON, D. G. (Ord. Smn.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
CAMERON, K. G. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
CAMPBELL, J. R. P. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
*CARELESS, W. D. S. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
CARLING-KELLY, C. (Wing-Com.).....	R.C.A.F.
*CARRICK, A. C. (Lieut.).....	Can. Artillery
*CARRICK, D. D. (Capt.).....	C.M.H.Q.
CARSON, ALEX S. (Corp.).....	R.C.A.F.
*CARSON, HUGH T. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.
*CASE, K. M. (Capt.).....	C.A. (A.F.)
*CASSELS, G. T., M.C., O.B.E. (Major).....	R.C.A.
CASSELS, J. G. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
*CASWELL, J. W. (Surg. Lt.-Com.).....	R.N.
CHAPMAN, N. H. (Sub. Lt.).....	Torpedo School
CHIPMAN, J. R. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
CHOPPIN, J. S. (Sgt.).....	Queen's York Rangers
CHRISTIE, G. J.....	Can. Inf.
CHUBB, A. G. (Capt.).....	Lord Strathcona Horse
CLAGUE, V. G. (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.
CLARKSON, M. B. E. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
COBBAN, W. A. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
COCKFIELD, A. S. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
COCKFIELD, J. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
COCKING, A. H. (Ft. Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.

CODY, JAY (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.	
*COLLINS, W. A. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.	
CORNISH, C. M. (Capt.).....	Dental Corps	
CORSON, R. R. (2nd Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
*COUSINS, D. F. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
COWAN, R. B. (Fl. Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.	
COX, E. R. (Sgt.).....	Can. Inf.	
COX, H. M. (Driver).....	Can. Inf.	
CRAWFORD, S. H. (Major).....	Can. Inf.	
CUMBERLAND, R. C. A. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
DAVERN, W. A. (Major).....	Reserve Bn.	
DAVIES, H. E. (Flying Officer).....	R.C.A.F.	
DAVIS, HARRY (Ord. Smn.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
DAVIS, J. E. (Trooper).....	Tank Corps	
*DEAN, A. S. (Pte.).....	H.Q.	
DEAN, H. F. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.	
DEAN, M. P. (Capt.).....	R.M.C.	
DEAN, W. G. (Cadet).....	R.C.A.	
DE SHERBININ, I. E. (Lieut.).....	Ordnance Depot	
*DICK, W. C. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.	
*DICKIE, D. M. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
DICKIE, P. M. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.	
DINNICK, J. S. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.	
*DINNICK, W. S. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.	
DIVER, F. A. (A/B).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
DIVER, V. J. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.	
*DODD, E. W. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
DONNELLY, T. H. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
DONOVAN, J. H. (1st Lieut.).....	R.C.C.S.	
*DUNBAR, A. W. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.	
*DUNBAR, E. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.	
*DUNCANSON, A. A. (Major).....	Can. Inf.	
DUNCANSON, A. E. (Lt.-Col.).....	H.Q.	(D.S.O., V.D., A.D.C.)
*DUNLAP, D. M. (Lieut.).....	H.Q.	
DUNLAP, J. C. (Capt.).....	C.A.P.O.	
*EAKINS, REV. C. G. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.	
EAKINS, E. E. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
EAKINS, J. W. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
EASSON, J. M. (Major).....	Can. Inf.	
*EATON, J. W. (Major).....	C.M.H.Q.	
ELLIS, B. S. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
ELLIS, E. H. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F.	

*ELY, D. R. (Major).....	R.C.A.
*ELY, R. M. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
ERICSON, A. C. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
FEE, E. S., (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
FINDLAY, D. G.....	R.C.A.F.
FINDLEY, ALLAN G. (Flying Officer).....	R.C.A.F.
FINLAY, W. G. (Ord. Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
FISHER, R. A. (Lieut.).....	Engineers, H.Q.
FLEMMING, J. H. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
FORBES, C. A.....	Tank Bn.
FORGIE, J. M. (Major).....	R.C.A.
FOSTER, A. A. (Flying Officer).....	R.C.A.F.
FOSTER, T. H. (Cpl.).....	R.C.A.F.
FRASER, J. D., V.D., A.D.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	P.L.D.G.
*FRASER, N. P. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
FRITH, P. C.....	R.C.A.F.
FROST, GEO. M. (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.
*GANONG, J. E. (Lt.-Col.).....	Can. Inf.
GARDNER, E. P.....	R.C.A.F.
GEILS, A. G. (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.
GERHART, E. C.	R.C.A.
GERHART, T. L.....	Signal Corps
GOOD, J. R. (Art. 1st Cl.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
GORDON, G. O. (Lieut.).....	Can. Forestry Corps
GORDON, T. C. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*GOSSAGE, DR. C. D. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
GOURLAY, W. B.....	R.C.A.F.
*GRAHAM, A. F., M.C. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C. (Prisoner-of-War)
GRAHAM, J. S. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*GRAHAM, R. J. (Capt.).....	H.Q.
GRAHAM, R. L.....	
*GRANGE, J. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
GRANT, D. A., M.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.D.
GRANT, R. W.....	
GRASS, RULIFF (2nd Lieut.).....	C.A.T.C.
*GRASS, W. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
GREEN, J. A. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.
GREEN, J. L. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
*GREIR, C. B. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
GURTON, D. H. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
HAAS, MAX S. (Lt.-Col.).....	Can. Army Staff
*HAMBLY, G. A. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.

*HAMILTON, C. D., M.M. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.	
HAMILTON, H. D. (Writer).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
HAMILTON, H. K., Sr. (Major).....	Reserve Army	
*HAMILTON, H. K., Jr. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.	
*HAMILTON, J. H. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.	
HAMPSON, L. G. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
HANNA, GEO. W. (Gunner).....	R.C.A.	
*HARRIS, R. JACK (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
HASTINGS, T. ROY (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
*HEATHER, W. M. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F.	
*HEGGIE, R. L. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.	
HEINTZMAN, C. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.	
HETHRINGTON, T. E. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
*HERTZBERG, C. S. L. (Maj.-Genl.).....	H.Q.	(M.C., C.B.)
HILLARY, N. L. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.M.C.	
HINDMARSH, J. C. (2nd Lieut.).....	G.G.H.G.	
HOLLIDAY, D. H. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
*HOME, H. M. (Capt.).....	R.C.O.C.	
HOME, L. G. (Flying Officer).....	R.C.A.F.	
HOOD, D. M. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.	
*HOUSSER, J. G. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf. (Prisoner-of-War)	
*HOWE, P. J. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
HUESTON, E. H. (Sgt.).....	Anti-Aircraft Battery	
HUESTON, W. M.....	Officers' Training Course	
*HUNGERFORD, G. C. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.	
HUNTER, D. C. (Pte.).....	C.A.(B)T.C.	
INGRAHAM, H. A. W. (Fl. Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.	
*JENNINGS, IAN L. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.	
*JENNINGS, W. G. (Lieut.).....	G.H.Q.	
*JOHNSON, J. H. (Midshipman).....	R.N.	
JOHNSTON, H. A., D.S.O., M.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	Can. Inf.	
JOHNSTON, K. M. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
*JOHNSTON, R. REED (Lieut.).....	Can. Art.	
*JOHNSTON, S. B. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.	
JUNKIN, R. L., M.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	Can. Engineers	
KATES, E. H. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.	
KELLY, CAVEN C. (Wing Com.).....	R.C.A.F.	
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KENT, J. H. (Capt.).....	C.A.C.	
KENT, M. G. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.	
KENT, G. L. (Major).....	R.C.A.	
KERR, R. H. A. (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.	

KETCHUM, K. G. B. (Cmdr.).....	R.C.N.C.
*KILGOUR, A. R. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
KILGOUR, R. G. (B133700).....	No. 1 Can. Army Course
KILMER, J. E. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
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KILPATRICK, J. R. M. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
*KING, BRUCE B. (Major).....	C.M.H.Q.
*KING, W. D. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.
*KING, DALE (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F. (Prisoner-of-War)
*KING, PERRY (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F. (Missing)
KINGSMILL, C. D. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
*KINGSTON, H. C. (Lieut.).....	R.N.V.R.
KINLEY, G. J.	R.C.A.F.
KINSEY, J. L. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
*LAURIN, C. J. (Major).....	H.Q.
LEES, C. S. (Flying Officer).....	R.C.A.F.
LEISHMAN, N. G.	R.C.A.F.
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LEMON, A. V. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
LENTZ, WM. O. (1st Lieut.).....	American Army
*LeVESCONTE, J. F. (L/Cpl.).....	Can. Inf.
*LIGHTBOURN, REV. G. O. (Group Capt.).....	R.C.A.F.
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LORWAY, C. R. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
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LOWNDES, R. H. M. (Major).....	R.C.A.S.C.
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MACDONALD, A. B. (Lieut.).....	C.A.S.C.
*MACDONALD, D. S. (Pte.).....	C.I.H.U.
MacDONALD, GEO. C. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MACDONALD, JAMES F. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
MACDONALD, JOHN F. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MACDONALD, IAN B. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*MACDONALD, J. D. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
*MACDONALD, W. B. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
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O'HARA, W. S.	R.C.A.F.
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*OLIVER, E. S. (Sgt.)	R.C.A.
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ORUM, R. C.	
PARKER, JOHN (S/L)	R.C.A.F.
*PATTEN, A. R. (Lieut.)	R.C.O.C.
PATTERSON, G. S. (Lieut.)	R.C.A.
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POWER, C. N. (Lieut.)	Can. Inf.
PRESTON, J. C. (Lieut.)	Can. Inf.
PRICE, S. H.	R.C.A.F.
QUA, W. A. (P.O.)	R.C.A.F.
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*READ, T. H. W. (Flight Lt.)	R.A.F.

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*ROBERTSON, DR. F. S. (Flight Lt.).....	R.A.F.
*ROBERTSON, J. C. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
ROBERTSON, J. W. (Lieut.).....	Tank Bn.
ROBERTSON, DR. ROSS (Flight Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
ROBSON, R. W. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
ROLPH, R. H.....	R.C.A.F.
ROLPH, G. G. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
ROWAN, D. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
ROWELL, B. R. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
ROWELL, F. N. A. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F.
*RUTHERFORD, G. W. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F.
RUTTER, A. S. (Gunner).....	R.C.A.
SABISTON, D. P. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
SAUNDERS, R. P. (Col.).....	Can. Inf.
*SCYTHES, FRED H. (P.O.).....	R.A.F. (Prisoner-of-War)
SEATON, J. DEAN (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*SENIOR, C. R. A. (Sub.-Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
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SHAPLEY, J. M. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
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SMITH, C. F. (Cpl.).....	R.C.A.F.
SMITH, K. B. F. (Capt.).....	

*SMITH, K. S. (L/Cpl.).....	Can. Inf.
*SMITH, H. S. (Capt.).....	C.M.H.Q.
SMITH, N. F. (Major).....	R.C.A.
SMITH, W. T. C. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
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STAPELLS, R. B. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
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*STIRRETT, A. GRANT (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
STUBBINGS, A. D. (P.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
*SWEETZY, R. J. (Lieut.).....	C.A.S.C.
STRAITH, J. L. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.
STRATHY, E. B. (Gunner).....	R.C.A.
SWEENEY, C. H. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
SYER, C. R. E. (Pte.).....	Wartime Prices and Trade Board
TAIT, G. W. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.
TEMPLE, C. M. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
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VALE, A. A. N. (Sq. Leader).....	R.C.A.F.
VanLUVEN, J. A. (Pte.).....	R.C.O.C.
WADDINGTON, N. R. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
WADDS, R. W. (F.O.).....	R.C.A.F.
*WADDS, W. B. (Capt.).....	Tank Regiment
WALLACH, J. R. (L.A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.
WALLER, R. E. (S.L.).....	R.C.A.F.
WALMSLEY, J. L. (S/L).....	R.C.A.F.
WATT, IAN M. (S.P.).....	R.C.A.F.
*WATTS, H. L. (Lieut.).....	R.C.E.
WEBSTER, K. L. (V37025).....	R.C.N.V.R.
WELSH, CARL F.....	R.C.A.F.
WHITAKER, E. G. (Major).....	R.C.A.
WILKES, F. H., V.D. (Lt. Col.).....	H.Q. Staff
WILSON, M. T. (P.S.L.).....	R.C.N.V.R.

WHITE, M. G. A. (Major).....	R.C.A.S.C.
WILLIAMS, V. F. (A.C.1).....	R.C.A.F.
WINDEYER, R. C. (Cpl.).....	
ZEALAND, J. H.....	R.C.A.F.
YOUNG, J. W.....	R.C.A.F.
YUILE, J. W. (Wing Cmdr.).....	R.C.A.F.

WOUNDED

DICK, W. CLEMENT (Lieut.), R.H.L.I.
 NICHOLLS, FRED. I. (Capt.), Royal Reg. of Canada
 WATT, H. LEONARD (Lieut.), Royal Can. Engineers

HONOURS

CASSELS, G. T., M.C. (Major)—O.B.E.
 CHAPMAN, NEIL H. (Sub. Lt.), R.C.N.V.R.—Mentioned in despatches
 DICK, W. CLEMENT (Capt.), R.H.L.I.—Mentioned in despatches
 GRAHAM, ALLEN F. (Capt.), R.C.A.M.C.—Military Cross
 HERTZBERG, C. S. L., M.C. (Maj-Gen'l)—C.B.
 McCURDY, J. A. D.—M.B.E.
 McGREGOR, GORDON R. (Group Capt.), R.C.A.F.—Distinguished Flying
 Cross, Mentioned in despatches
 SENIOR (Sub. Lt.), R.C.A.—Mentioned in despatches
 WADDS, ROBERT WILSON (Flying Officer), R.C.A.F.—Mentioned in
 despatches

DIED ON SERVICE

BARCLAY, WM. SCOTT (Air Gunner), R.C.A.F.
 CAMERON, ROBERT JOEL (Flying Officer), R.C.A.F.
 DAVISON, HAROLD HASTINGS (Pilot Officer), R.C.A.F.
 DENTON, GEORGE CLINGAN (Test Observer), R.A.F. Ferry Command
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 HENDERSON, JAMES IRVINE (Sergeant), R.C.A.F.
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 McKINLEY, JOHN FERGUSON (Lt. Col.), Director of Medical Services,
 R.C.A.M.C.
 MITCHELL, JAMES WILLIAM (Pilot Officer), R.C.A.F.
 MITCHELL, ROBT., CHESTER (Captain), Liaison Officer, Dept. of National
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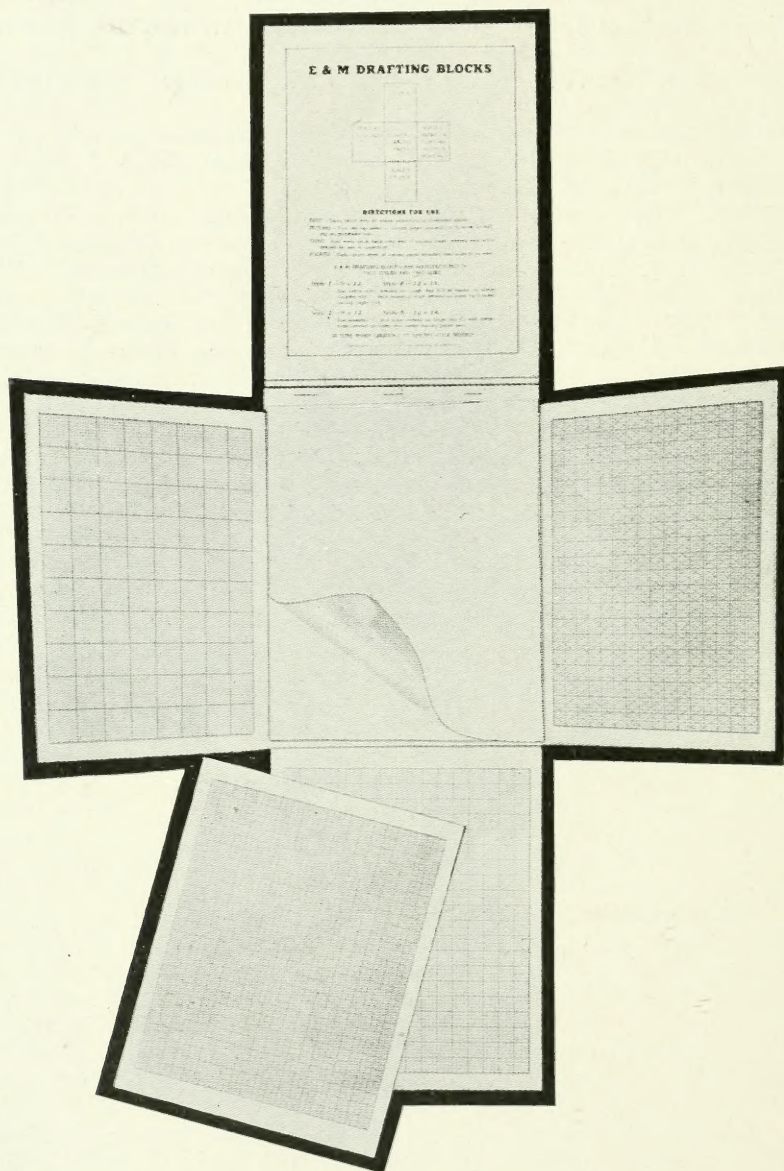
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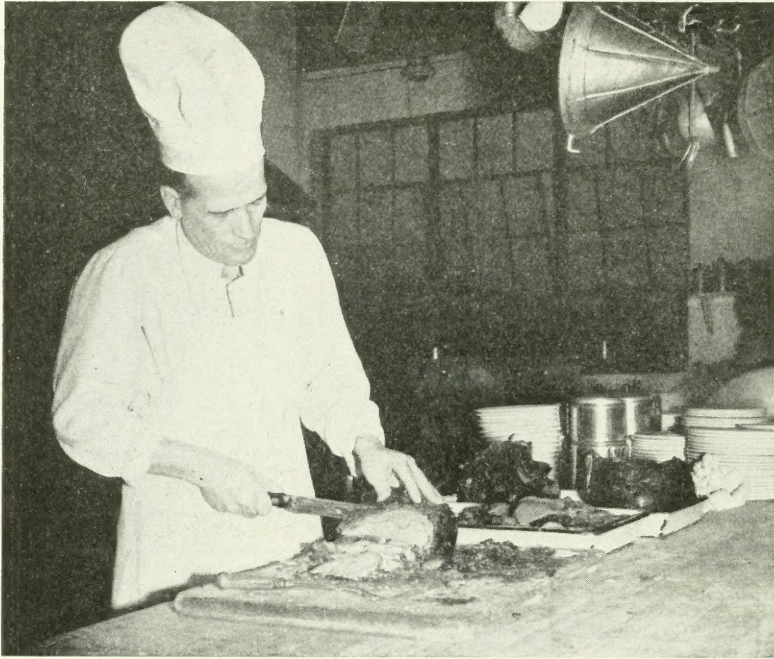
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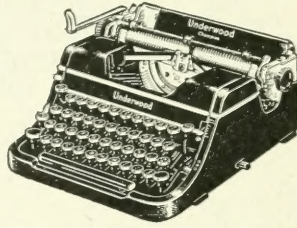
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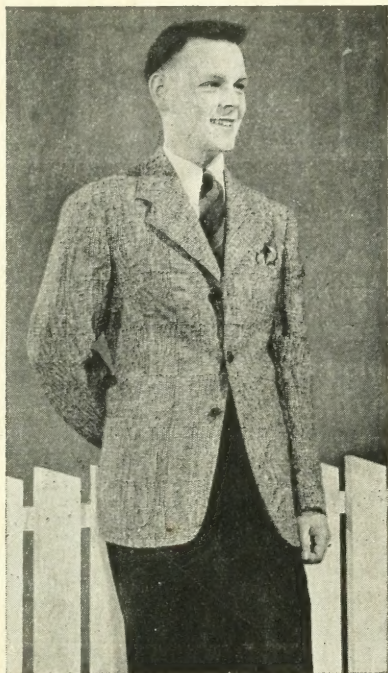
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